The Bystander, November 7, 1906

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# The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 153.—Vol. XII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 7, 1906 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photo Fellows Willson*

A WELL-KNOWN HOSTESS: LADY MAR AND KELLIE

Whose house-parties at Alloa are celebrated. She is devoted to literature, a good sportswoman, and a great lover of racing. Her husband is the holder of three of the oldest titles in Scotland

No. 153.—Vol. XII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Moons and Winds of Araby." By Roma White. (Brown, Langham: 5*s.*)

"Robert Orange." By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Pilgrim's Way." By Quiller Couch. (Seeley: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Electric Theft." By Neil Wynn Williams. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Fireside and Sunshine." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen: 5*s.*)

"Austin and His Friends." By Frederic H. Balfour. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Waifs of Circumstance." By Louis Tracy. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Sable and White." By Gordon Stables, M.D. (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Frost and Friendship." By Geo. Frederic Turner. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Dangerville Inheritance." By A. C. Fox Davies. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Out of the Running." By Alice and Claude Askew. (Everett: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Little Squire." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Cassell: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Race Culture, or Race Suicide?" By Robert Reid Rentoul, M.D. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co.: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Book of Rhymes for Old Times." By Reginald Rigby. (Sealey Clerk.)

"Audrey." By Mary Johnston. New edition. (Constable: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Sir Mortimer." By Mary Johnston. New edition. (Constable: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

*Chums.* (Anuual volume.) (Cassell.)

"The Life of William Blake." By Alexander Gilchrist. (John Lane: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Three New Plays." By A. R. Williams. (Werner Laurie: 5*s.*)

"The Faery Year." By G. A. B. Dewar. (Alston Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Christmas Lady." By Alice Hegan Rice. (Hodder and Stoughton: 1*s.* net.)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

# Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 7, 1906

To-day (Wednesday), before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, Me. Cruppi will draw a "moral picture" of the Count Boni de Mantalini—we mean, Castellane.

* * *

In other words, the Count will have to face the music—a recital of his gallantries, in five flats.

* * *

We are quite prepared for the revelation that the captured "von Koepenick" is not himself, after all, and is only once again bamboozling the authorities.

* * *

"The issues that are to be decided to-day," remarked the *Chronicle* on the morning of the Borough Elections, "are too serious to be dismissed by slanderous phrases." It was not, of course, a mere General Election.

* * *

With the Trust soap at sky-high prices, we may expect the familiar salutation to become, "Good morning! Have you used *any* soap?"

* * *

"You probably do not care," runs the latest T.B.C. Ad., "to read any more about the controversy between the Book Club and its critics." Quite right, and least of all to read any more about it from the T.B.C.

* * *

From St. Petersburg, last week, came the announcement that there was unrest in Kars. Londoners have been experiencing a similar feeling, and will sympathise.

* * *

"Wandering round the Woolsack during last week's Education debates in the Lords," writes our very own "T. P.," "I bulged bodily into Mr. Birrell, and, nudging him in the ribs, told him that he looked his Department all over. 'How?' he howled, hoarsely. 'You look,' I screamed, '"Bored of Education."' And, remembering an appointment with the Premier, I clambered casually over the crimson benches and dropped downstairs."

* * *

The heavy fine inflicted in Lausanne on the schoolboy Robert Allen, for painting a statue scarlet, is monstrous, seeing that the same thing has often been done to whole towns by high-spirited youths without the infliction of punishment.

**Purse-pickacity**

(SCENE: *Cheapside on Lord Mayor's day*)

SLIPPERY SAM: "Ah! I *knew* dear ole 'Back-to-the-land' would 'ave somethink in 'is pocket for the unemployed"

(*Drawn by J. C. L. Booth*)

"In trying to turn from Duncannon Street into Charing Cross Road last night, a General skidded towards the National Gallery." In justice to the reputation of the Army, it should be stated that the reference (in Wednesday's *Mail*) was to the conduct of a motor-omnibus.

* * *

"Queer chaps, these writers," says Mr. Keble Howard in the *Sketch*. "Have you marked, friend the reader——" Yes, Mr. Howard. "Friend the reader" has marked that *some* writers are *very* queer chaps, and "Friend the reader," one of these days, is going to mark the fact in a very forcible fashion, if some writers are not very careful.

* * *

Cambridge undergraduates view with equanimity the abolition of the Senior Wranglership. What distresses them is that along with it has gone that priceless reward, so coveted by the mathematically inclined—the wooden spoon.

* * *

The Prime Minister, according to an evening paper, has been advised to take more outdoor exercise, and has, therefore, arranged to go out for an afternoon drive whenever his engagements will permit. It is to be hoped that he will remember that, in taking exercise, one should be very careful to avoid over-fatigue.

* * *

**Legal Anecdote**

A well-known barrister of some standing, who still clings fondly to the somewhat flamboyant style of the great Sergeant Buzfuz, but since deemed by the majority of the profession unsuitable to the requirements of this matter-of-fact age, was making, not so very long ago, his final appeal to the jury in a case before the High Court. "Gentlemen," he thundered, "I think you must be satisfied by this time, and I hope my learned friend is satisfied, too, that the defendant has seen the writing upon the wall! '*El, Eli, Lama*——'" "Pardon me, Mr. ——," interposed the judge, urbanely, "I think you have got the quotation wrong." "Possibly I have, my lord," replied the learned counsel, unabashed, "*But the principle's the same!*"

# Muriel and the Moderns

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

## II.—BREAKFAST IN BED, AND SOME MODERN CORRESPONDENCE

The fact that Muriel was invariably down to breakfast before me had led me to suspect that she was anxious to open her letters away from her guardian's eye, but that I was entirely mistaken was shown in rather a remarkable way. One morning, I entered the dining-room to find the room empty.

My housekeeper presently arrived in great distress, and rather inadequately washed. Miss Muriel was ill—it might be anything from thrush to appendicitis; Miss Muriel would not hear of a doctor being sent for—not that doctors were any good for young people—and would I go in and see her? I found my obstinate young niece a little flushed and hot, suffering, apparently, from nothing worse than a feverish cold.

There were in all four letters, and two trade circulars, and I opened the first very nervously. It was signed "Kits," and I didn't like the long angular handwriting at all. Why is it that this type of handwriting always looks ungrammatical?

### Letter No. I.

"DEAR KIDDIE," it began. "You're quite right about him. Yum! Yum! Yum!" Muriel seemed keenly amused at the way I pronounced these vulgar phrases. "He told me all the stories he told Mrs. Jim and finished the one he wouldn't finish for her. The man wasn't her husband at all, but the hotel porter. I'm writing to your dear old uncle to-day about letting you come away with us to Brighton. Hope this doesn't get into the wrong envelope. —Yours, KITS. P.S.—Have you been invited to the Ledwards, Thursday—not Sir Henry, but the *funny* Ledwards? Second P.S.—I heard you had an offer from Billy Kittleston on Friday night. Where did you hit him?" I looked at Muriel most severely.

"And who is Billy Kittleston," I inquired.

"That one in the grey envelope," she said, drawing her knees up. "Get on with the next, Uncle."

### Letters Nos. II. and III.

"DEAR MURIEL,—You won't jib at my calling you Muriel, will you? I want to take you and the dear old keeper"—I looked at Muriel interrogatively, and she nodded, with a twinkle in her eye—"out for a scorch in the new car. Do write and fix a date. I'll cut any engagement if you'll only fix it up. I say, is it right about that rotter, Kittleston, proposing on Friday? I hope you didn't take him seriously and turn his head. Some of these outsiders have got insufferable sauce. Let me know soon about the car.—Yours sincerely, RICHARD BRACKENBURY."

"Muriel," I said, "I refuse to read any more." She lay back on the pillows and tittered.

"Isn't there one with a coronet on it?" She inquired at length, demurely. There was. I opened a letter from the Duchess of Stockwell. "You dear little cat. You did some awful damage with your primrose frock on Friday night. One of the *attachés* at the Japanese Embassy threatened to commit *hari-kari* in the buffet if he wasn't allowed to finish your ice, and poor Lady Irwin told me on Saturday morning that she has never known her husband to be so devoted. And yet he danced three times with you, *ma petite chatte*, if I mistake not. I hope the dear old uncle wasn't pipped at having to spend the best part of the night with that deaf old Admiral Harford and von Bieberstein. His Excellency the Von tells me that he really does not know if they were talking politics or petticoats. If it was politics he says your uncle must be mad, and if it was petticoats he must be married. So Billy Kittleston put in for the stakes, did he? Poor Billy does the round of the catches every season. Very few men work so hard for their creditors. I hope you let him down nicely, because he *can* dance. Pop over and see me to-morrow.—Your old pal, BESSIE."

"And this is the lady, Muriel, who will never go into dinner with anything under a K.C.B.! She is notoriously a fast woman, I know; but how did you get on such intimate terms with her?"

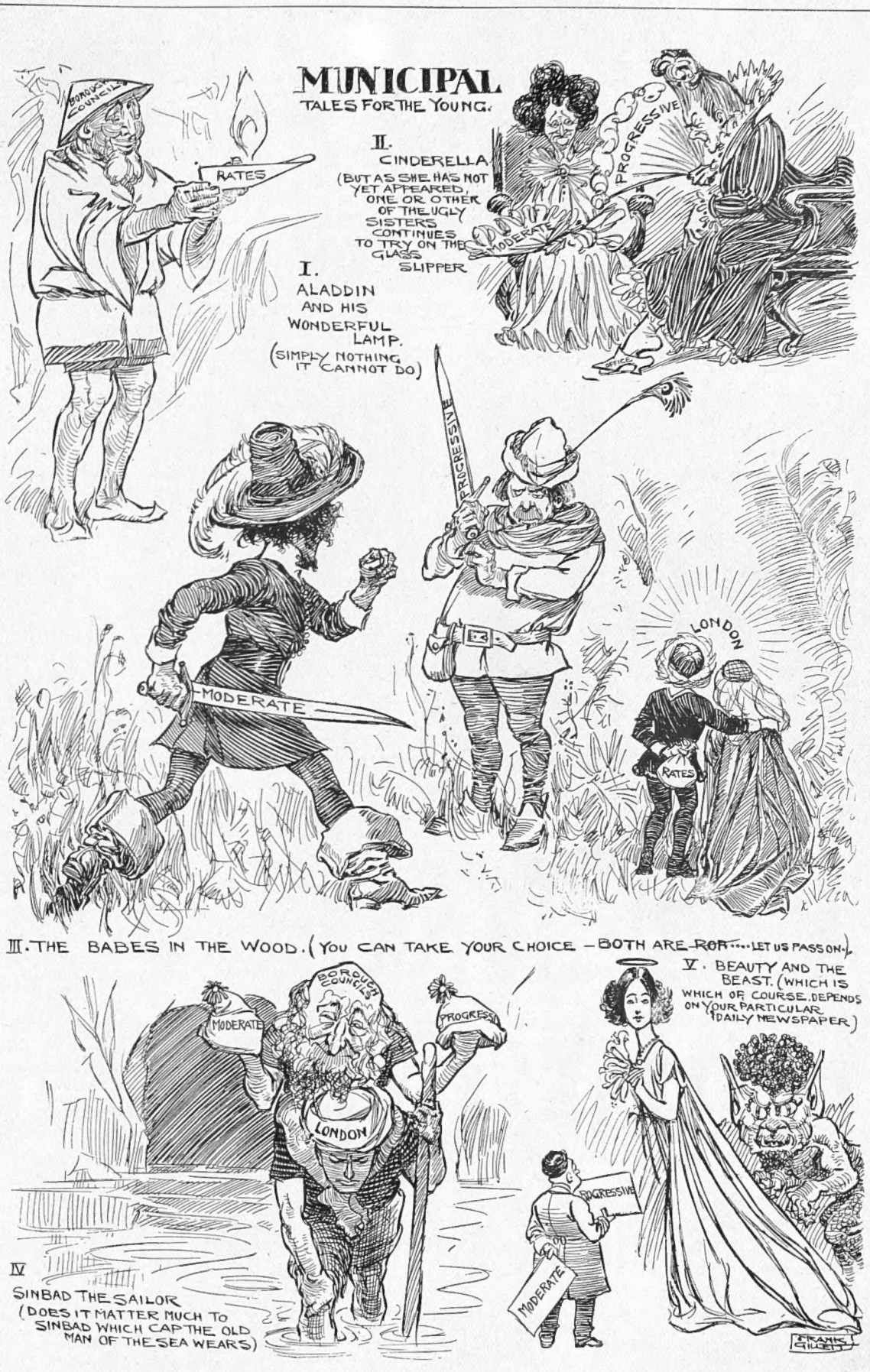
"Now, don't be horrid, Uncle. You know you're just as amused as I am. Try Billy's now. That's sure to be screaming." I timorously broke the seal of the grey envelope.

### And Lastly—No. IV.

"'MY OWN DARLING——' ("Oh, Muriel, my child!" "Go on, Uncle! Poor old Billy!") 'I know you will hate me for writing so boldly; but when we kissed——' ("Oh, Muriel!" "Go on, Uncle!") 'My darling, I thought you were saying——' ("Nasty little dog!") '—with your eyes, that you would be mine for ever.' ("Did you, Muriel? Did you, dear? Oh, surely not. You can't imagine what bad form the man is." "Go on, Uncle! I can see something about passion on the next page. You'll upset the coffee!") '—For goodness sake, don't say that I've made an ass of myself.' ("How superfluous!") '—I never know really how to take you, my sweet darling.' ("There you've done it! I knew you would! Put the coffee-pot on the floor.") '—Oh, my darling——' ("Hang the man's darlings. I'm sorry, Muriel.") '—I want to tell you——' ("There, now the dog's got his nose in the milk!") "—how much I should love, oh, my darling! to show you how passionately I could serve you, darling.'" ("Muriel, it's sickening. You must read the next yourself.")

"All right, Uncle. I didn't think it would be so maudlin. Fetch me the *Daily Mail*."

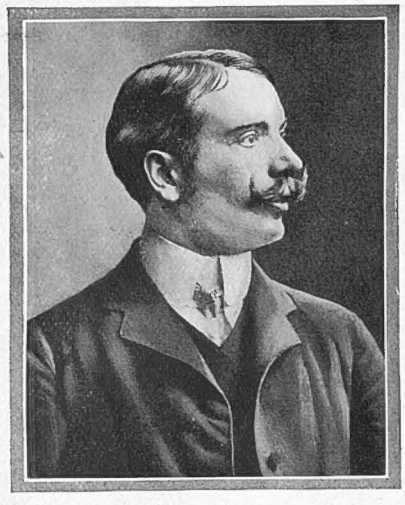
# The Topictator



# Amazing Royal Marriage Intrigue

**Prince Albrecht and Marie Sulzer**

Real life, it has long been conceded, is far more romantic than romance. If further proof of this obvious platitude were needed, it has been given us in the amazing story which has been weaved about the persons of Prince Joachim Albrecht, a second cousin of the Kaiser and a first cousin of the Duchess of Connaught, the German actress, Marie Sulzer, and Baron Victor Julius von Liebenberg, the impecunious remnant of one of Austria's most distinguished families. The scene of the story shifts from the Prussian Court to the Trianon Theatre; from the princely house of the late Regent of Brunswick, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, to the actress's Berlin flat; from the Prussian capital to Vienna, from Vienna to the Carlton in London, and to Brixton, and back again to Berlin, and finally into the Unknown.



**Baron Liebenberg**

Temporary husband of Marie Sulzer, and married secretly to her at Brixton

**Marie Sulzer, Actress**

Who temporarily married Baron Liebenberg in order to possess a "noble" title enabling her to marry Prince Albrecht of Prussia

**Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia**

Second cousin of the Kaiser, supposed to intend marriage with the "Baroness Liebenberg"

**Obstacles to the Match**

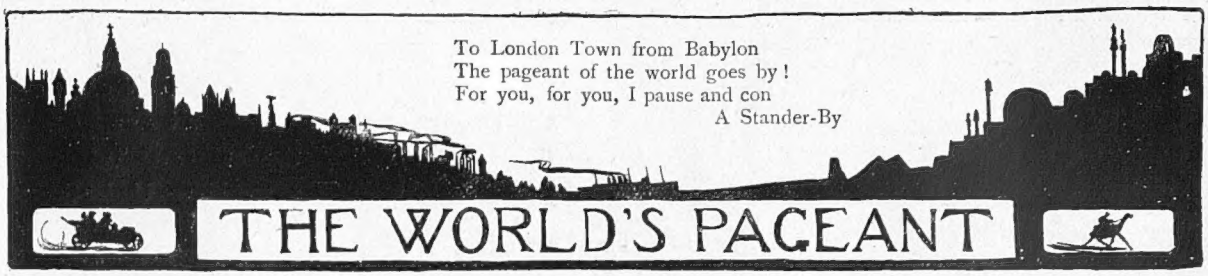
For a very long time, the fact that Prince Albrecht, a *viveur* and a Bohemian, was madly in love with Marie Sulzer, an actress of little distinction and no beauty, has been public property in Berlin. Two things only prevented their marriage. One was the great distress of the Prince's father when his favourite son announced his intention to marry the actress, and the other was the unceasing opposition of the Kaiser. The first obstacle was not of long duration. A month or so ago the old Prince died, having so left his money that his son should forfeit three-quarters of a million sterling if he married Marie Sulzer. Two weeks after his death a public announcement of the engagement was made, but meanwhile—and here comes in the most amazing part of a most amazing story—steps had been taken to overcome the second and most serious obstacle — the Kaiser's lasting displeasure.

* * *

**The Marriage with Baron Liebenberg**

It is said that the Kaiser, in an outburst of rage against his young cousin, once let out that the affair would not be so serious "if only the woman were noble." Henceforth, to be "noble" became Marie Sulzer's one ambition. To attain her end, the services of a marriage-broker were requisitioned, and a plot was laid whereby the actress should marry some needy aristocrat and leave him at the church door, the services of the marriage-broker being then once again employed to see that steps were taken by the dupe, whoever he might be, which would enable the actress to get a divorce, remain "ennobled," and free to marry the Prince. Much searching resulted in the finding of Baron von Liebenberg. This gentleman, as the descendant of the famous Baron Liebenberg, who defended Vienna against the French, was in receipt of a pension of £30 a year, besides which he drew the magnificent sum of £20 a year as an official of the magistracy. Dazzled by the promise of £1,500, the Baron consented to the proposals made him, and, in April last, according to the story, the various parties concerned came to London.

In London, the Baron took up his abode at Brixton. Marie Sulzer, however, stayed at the Carlton, where her quiet, if massive, appearance elicited very little notice, beyond the fact that she was constantly visited by a tall, fair, young man with typical upturned German moustaches. On the morning of May 9, she and Baron von Liebenberg were made man and wife at a Brixton registry office, and a few minutes after the ceremony they parted. The Baroness returned to Berlin, the Baron to Vienna, and all might have gone well but for the fact that the contracting parties—the marriage-broker and the Baron—fell out over the payments. The Baron, poorer than ever, now states that no divorce papers have been served on him, although he has not failed to carry out his side of the agreement to the letter. The Baroness has disappeared, and, finally, an official denial that Prince Joachim is to marry Baroness von Liebenberg has been issued through Reuter.




**Smart Set English**

The Semitic and Transatlantic—in other words, the wealthy—elements in smart Society are beginning to make themselves felt in an unexpected and almost devastating fashion. In order to understand with any degree of ease the English language as spoken, say, in the Jockey Club Enclosure at Newmarket, at Ranelagh, or at the Opera, it is desirable to be conversant with the Yiddish tongue, for the fashionable speech of the moment is of the metallic and twangy description which, from experience, we have learned to associate with that language. In fact, no better way of becoming proficient in the noble art of speaking as the Smart Set speak could be devised than to spend an evening or so down Whitechapel way; for the Smart Set, which, of course, has a rather extensive Hebrew strain in its blood, now talks with an East End twang.

* * *

**Even in Suburbia**

To the dropped "g," the high-pitched voice, the toneless intonation, we have become accustomed. These have, in fact, now reached the regions of smart Suburbia, and are, therefore, in the Smart Set a back-number—an "also ran," as they would say. We now drawl drearily, and enunciate stuffily through our noses, and say "dy," where "day" would perhaps be more in the Balliol manner. Our "Smart" conversation, in fact, is enriched with the whole vocabulary of the jockey, or even the cabby, certainly of the pawnbroker and money-lender, and at least every second word in the fashionable speech of the day is of a slang description, quite unintelligible to the uninitiated. But that is intentional!

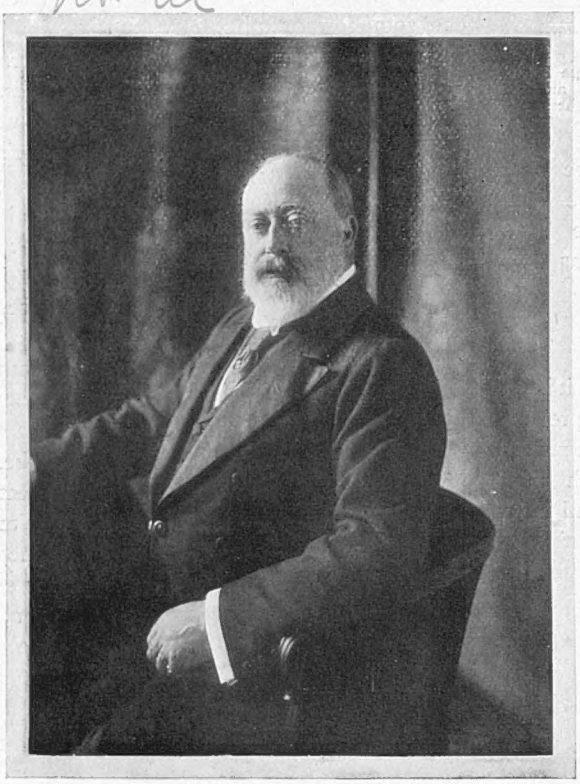


*Photo* *Boissonas and Taponier*

**"MANY HAPPY RETURNS" OF NEXT FRIDAY!**

The latest photograph of His Majesty, who celebrates his personal birthday on the ninth of November

**"The King, God Bless Him!"**

Though His Majesty has more than one "official" birthday in the course of the year, the actual anniversary of his birth takes place on November 9, and on Friday next all his subjects will join in wishing him "Many Happy Returns!" I believe this is one point on which all the contending forces in the country, Educational and otherwise, Moderates and Progressives, vivisectionists, anti-vivisectionists, motorists, and pedestrians, will all agree, and may we drink on this occasion, here and in the British Dominions beyond the Seas, "The King, God bless him!"

* * *

**The Royal Visit to Ireland**

Although in Ireland the anticipated visit of the King and Queen to open the International Exhibition at Dublin next year is looked upon almost as a settled thing, it is, as a matter of fact, highly improbable that any such Royal visit will be made. Her Majesty, it is practically certain, will not go, and Ireland, as it happens, is not by any means included on the immediate programme of the King. Towards Ireland, as is pretty generally known, His Majesty is not quite so partial as towards the more Northerly portion of his dominions. In fact, it is prominently suggested that the King would be by no means displeased if Home Rule were to become an accomplished fact. He would, it is further believed, quite willingly delegate the bulk of the social duties towards that island to others, who consider themselves to be, and rightly so, more in touch and sympathy with the national characteristics. Indeed, when the whole truth of the Wyndham-MacDonnell affair comes to light, as matters of this description have a way of doing—witness the

# Three Men of the Moment

*Photo* *Bassano*

**The Hon. Charles Russell**

The famous lawyer and son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who numbers among his distinguished clients, the Duchess of Marlborough

Hohenlohe disclosures — we shall know, well, just what we shall know, even, perhaps, the exact extent of what the King has done to promote Home Rule.

* * *

**The Light that Flickered**

It appears, by the way, that it is the King we have to thank for preventing publicity being given to a painful matrimonial split in "high life." The King, in his national and international character of *grand seigneur*, has the greatest objection to the publication of scandals in those sets whose affairs are discussed in every hole and corner in the kingdom.

* * *

**The Settlement**

His Majesty, when consulted by the husband, who, by the most wonderful kaleidoscopic process, is now the aggrieved party, sympathised and condoled, but made it quite clear that were the case to be made public it would be at the cost of the Royal pleasure. Much to the jubilation of the family, therefore, the Royal wishes have been adhered to. The husband, as is only natural, poses as a martyr, and the wife, also in approved fashion, bears the bulk of the punishment—separation from her children, and banishment from the great house her own money has made a habitation for princes, being only a small part of it. It is, however, still hoped in the family that, at some future time, a reconciliation will be arrived at.

**A Prince and Princess of Romance**

The projected visit of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania to England this autumn is, of course, dependent upon the, at present, very uncertain health of King Charles. Again, the accession of Prince Ferdinand, who, it will be remembered, was adopted as heir to the Roumanian Throne by the childless King Charles and his Queen, Carmen Sylva, some twenty years ago, is said to depend entirely upon the popularity of his wife, the Crown Princess, and his eldest son, Prince Carol, a boy of thirteen, who has, somehow or other, enormously ingratiated himself with the Roumanian people. A daughter of

*Photo* *Lane-Smith*

**A Balaclava Hero's "Speech"**

The most interesting incident in connection with the recent big county bazaar at York, in aid of the Barnardo Homes, was when Sir George Wombwell, one of the surviving officers of the Balaclava Charge, instead of making a speech, read for the first time in public the entry in his diary relating to the historic exploit

the late Duke of Edinburgh and a niece of King Edward, the beautiful Princess Marie is almost worshipped by the Roumanians, and this fact may have much weight in restricting certain parties who are anxious to secure the supersession of the Crown Prince in favour of his son Carol. Rumour has it that Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is establishing a community of the blind. Her idea is to found a village, or town, in which only blind people reside, a project in which we see realised again an idea of Mr. H. G. Wells. I remember reading, quite a long time ago, a wonderful story written by Mr. Wells, in which he described a village such as Carmen Sylva's, where only the blind lived.

* * *

**"Winston" at the Font**

The ambitious Under-Secretary for the Colonies is now combining with much Winstonian *éclat* the quasi-paternal with duties Colonial. A lady present at the christening of the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Guest at Canford Church the other day, tells me that, through a good part of the ceremony, Mr. Churchill "held him (the baby) beautifully"; so well, in fact, that the services of the nurse and the other god-parent, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Junr., were in very little request. Mr. Churchill's christening present to his baby godson was a large silver-gilt porringer, and bore the Guest motto, "*Ferro non Gladio*," and the baby's robe, a filmy mass of very old Brussels lace, was the identical one which his illustrious godfather, Mr. Churchill, wore on the same momentous occasion in his life exactly thirty-two years ago. This robe, of course, is an heirloom of great treasure in the family. It belongs now to Lady Wimborne, who herself wore it, as did all her sisters, while of the younger generation, the Marquess of Blandford, the son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, is, perhaps, the most illustrious wearer.

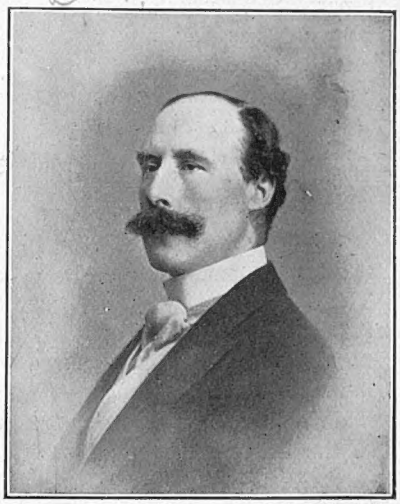


*Photo* *Elliott and Fry*

**Lord Grimthorpe**

Who is liable to fines amounting to £8,500 for having voted in the House of Lords without having taken the oath. As Mr. Ernest Beckett, he succeeded to the title on the late peer's death last year

# A Future Queen of Roumania

**The Crown Princess of Roumania and her children**

The Crown Princess of Roumania, who, of course, is the daughter of the late Duke of Coburg (Princess Marie), is a great lover of her native land, and she is shortly coming to this country with her children on a visit. As the health of the King of Roumania has lately been precarious, it is not unlikely that, in the near future, Roumania will have a British Queen

# The "Prospects" of Prince Francis

### The New Balloon Chief

It is not often—it is very seldom, in fact—that a Service appointment meets with the unqualified approval of the layman. The announcement, however, that it is to Colonel J. E. Capper, R.E., that the superintendence of the new ballooning factory at Aldershot has been entrusted is recognised by even the most captious of men in the street as not only a just reward for valuable service rendered, but as a distinct acquisition to the nation in so far as our warlike progress is concerned. Colonel Capper is, above all, one of the new school of officers, well read and, if I may say so without jocular intent, well up in modern warfare. He has made ballooning, which promises to play such an important part in the future history of warfare, his special study, and his practical knowledge of engineering was put to good account for many years in India and Burma, where he was engaged in military and public works.

*Photo* *Elliott and Fry*

**Colonel J. E. Capper, R.E.**

Superintendent of the new ballooning factory at Aldershot

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### "K" Becomes Sociable!

From India, by the way, a correspondent writes me that Lord Kitchener, in spite of the fact that he has not been very well of late, is "a different man—quite social and pleasant, in fact." The change in the Chief's demeanour is attributed to the fact that he is now able to devote his whole time to his heart's desire, that being the improvement of the organisation, administration, and fighting efficiency of the Army, instead of spending at least half of his time waging deadly war with the powers that be—or rather—were.

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### Prince Francis of Teck

One of the leading spirits in the formation of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, whose track at Weybridge, one of the first in England, is now in course of construction, is Prince Francis of Teck. He, in conjunction with the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Essex, Lord Sefton, and Lord Montagu, has consented to act on the Committee, and intends to do a great deal of racing down there once the track is completed. Like all the Princes of the House of Teck, Prince Francis is gay, debonair, and very good-looking. During the "Riviera months" he invariably spends part of his time with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, at their villa near Cannes; but, as everyone knows, he is such a great favourite with M. and Madame von André that not only does he spend much of his time with them, especially at their flat in Paris; but he is also said to be booked to come in for a very considerable portion of their wealth. M. von André, it will, perhaps, be remembered, was one of the chief promoters of Harrod's Stores and many other enterprises, in all of which he amassed great wealth. As for Prince Francis, well, rich friends are any day more profitable than hard work on one's own, on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere, and the prospect of a handsome and untrammelled legacy are also far better than that other "career" which the gossips have so often marked out for the Prince, *i.e.* that of becoming the husband of an American heiress. Such aids to the life untroubled are, as has been lately amply proved, not always so strikingly successful as they might be.

*Photo* *Lafayette*

**Prince Francis of Teck**

Who is taking an active part on the Committee of the new motor-racing track at Weybridge

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### A Professional-Amateur Actress

Miss Aimée Lowther, who last week took, very successfully, the principal part in a *masque*, date 1623, which was produced by the English Drama Society, tells me that she has always loved acting and gone in really seriously for its study. She is a daughter of Captain Francis Lowther, and a sister of Miss Toupée Lowther, the tennis champion. She studied for many years with Madame Thénard, of the Comédie Française, and last played in Paris in a piece of François Coppée's, called *Le Passant*, with Madame Rita Jolivet. She has also made serious study of pantomime, and has often appeared in a little pantomime of her own composition, entitled *The Dream-Flower*. Miss Lowther generally plays boys' parts in costume plays, and, in a play called *Le Madrigal de Pierrot*, which was produced last summer at the Haymarket, she played with Miss Pauline Chase, and made a very charming pierrot. Dancing, particularly that of the eighteenth century, is also one of Miss Lowther's hobbies, and in the art of mimicry Miss Lowther has few equals.

# A Delightful Amateur Actress

*Photo* *Kate Pragnell*

MISS AIMÉE LOWTHER

Who took, last week, very successfully, the principal part in a *masque* (dated 1623) produced by the English Drama Society. She is an enthusiastic amateur actress, and the daughter of Captain Francis Lowther

# Mr. Marconi's Irish Bride

**A Great Inventor's Wife**

The Hon. Mrs. Marconi, before her marriage with one of the cleverest men of the age in matters scientific, was Miss Beatrice O'Brien, a popular Irish girl with the blood of kings flowing in her veins, and with whom her husband, also of Irish descent on his mother's side, fell in love on the spot when first he met her. It was, however, a case of "happy the wooing that's a long time a doing," for it was a pretty long while ere Miss O'Brien consented to give up the joys of independence to become Mrs. Marconi. In appearance typically Irish—some may think beautiful, she is attractive to a degree (the people of her country call her "Sousie") — Mrs. Marconi has all the personal qualities which distinguish Irishwomen. A passion for outdoor life, a love of horses and a great knowledge of how to manage them, she combines with an ease of manner which never forsakes her under any possible circumstances, and which has enabled her to shake down very comfortably into London Society since her marriage. When her husband is not too busy, Mr. and Mrs. Marconi attend concerts together, for both are musical enthusiasts of an amateur description, and can often be met dining at a famous restaurant not a mile from Oxford Circus when there is anything special in the way of music going on at the Queen's Hall.

Doubtless one of the reasons why the then Miss Beatrice O'Brien demurred to becoming Mrs. Marconi was her reluctance to substitute an Italian for an Irish name. It is, of course, entirely untrue that the inventor at the time offered to modify his name slightly, to meet her wishes, and to call himself McConey.

*Photo* *Lallie Charles*

**The Hon. Mrs. Marconi**

The wife of the famous inventor of "wireless telegraphy." She is an Irish girl, and the daughter of Baron Inchiquin

**Admiral Sir William May, who will succeed Admiral Sir Charles Drury as Second Sea Lord**

TWO NEW ADMIRALS FOR HOME SERVICE

*Photos Russell*

**Admiral Sir Day H. Bosanquet, who will succeed Admiral Sir A. L. Douglas as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth**

**"Little Season" Fashions**

For some reason or other it is to be remarked that Society during the "Little Season" is rather more prone to the starting of crazes than during the Season proper in the earlier months of the year. The latest craze, too, is one which somehow seems to belong more to the season of half-lights, when books and fireside conversation form a large part of life, than it does to the summer months. It is for the cult of the man of letters. It needed but that we should wait! The popular preacher, the painter, the actor, all had their day and were in turn adored. The literary man stood by, chafing. "Where do I come in?" he would ask plaintively. Well, he has come in at last. Great ladies are petting and praising him, and doing their best to inspire him to higher flights in literature and a bigger account at his tailor's, and even the papers are devoting as much space to his movements as they are, or were, to those of the latest chorus lady married into the British peerage.

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**High Thinking and Low Lighting**

Together with the cult of the man of letters comes the cult of the candle. No correctly attired dinner-table is now lit by anything more aggressive than candle light. No complexion is arranged to meet the exigencies of anything stronger. It was alleged, at a candle-lit dinner-table the other night, that the cult of the candle invariably held sway during the autumn months owing to the fact that its soft radiance alone made possible the bronzed and sunburnt complexions of diners, who had spent the last two or three months on moor and sea in the pursuit of health and strength, if not of delicacy of complexion.

# His "Highness," the Oxford Churchman

But, on the other hand, it rather looks as if the cult of the kindly candle and the encouragement of the literary man walk hand in hand, and cheek by jowl, the glare of the electric globes being good neither for the brain of the man of letters nor for the absence of it in the man or woman of other things, especially sport.

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**The Bishop of London at Oxford**

The Bishop of London went up to Oxford last Sunday and preached to the undergraduates at St. Mary's, the 'Varsity Church. He is immensely popular at Oxford—and so he is at Cambridge. Why is it, I wonder, that, in academic circles such as these, almost call the Oxford point of view a Ritualistic point of view, of such an exceptionally "high" order are both the 'Varsity Church of St. Mary's and the still "higher" St. Barnabas. It was, by the way, the order of service at St. Barnabas, at Oxford, which, I believe, drew from a certain Irish priest the remark that he preferred the simple, old-fashioned services of the Roman Catholic religion to Ritualism. But this, of course, by the way.

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**An Anglo-Russian Alliance**

Though several well-known Englishmen are married to Russian wives, very few Englishwomen marry Russians, that of Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, who

*Photo* *K. Collings*

AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE

**Lieut.-Colonel Paul Lenkovitsch** **Miss Evelyn Green**

The wedding to-day of Lieut.-Colonel Lenkovitsch and Miss Evelyn Green is of interest, as it is not often that a member of the Russian nobility takes an English wife. Miss Green is the only daughter of the late Captain Philip Green and Lady Camden, while the bridegroom is on the Imperial Russian General Staff, and has just been appointed Military Attaché to the Russian Embassy in Rome

the High Church prelate invariably gathers to himself a ready-made popularity which is not by any means so inevitably the happy portion of the Low Churchman? It is, however, really rather noteworthy that a High Church bishop should come out of Keble. Keble is Bishop Ingram's own College, and Keble also is, if it doesn't mind my saying so, at one with the Toshers in being about the only supporters of Low Churchism to be found in all Tory Oxford. Of course, mixed though it is, Oxford still possesses a good many aristocrats. These individuals, for the most part, if they profess anything, profess a High Church point of view, and this point of view the great majority of undergraduates inevitably assimilate. Hence the general "highness" of Oxford. Indeed, one might

was a Miss Fleetwood Wilson, being one of the few such marriages prominent in English Society at the present time. The marriage of Lieut.-Colonel Paul Lenkovitsch to Miss Evelyn Green, only daughter of the late Captain Philip Green and the late Lady Camden, which takes place to-day, is, therefore, of considerable interest. Miss Green is very rich, and has been chaperoned during her several seasons by her half-sister, Lady Clementine Walsh, who is unofficial lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Fife. Colonel Lenkovitsch is on the Imperial Russian General Staff, and as he has just been appointed Military Attaché to the Russian Embassy in Rome, he and his wife will make their permanent residence in the Eternal City.

# ROUND THE TOWN

It is rather curious that Mr. George Edwardes, surrounded by his trusty band of *literati*, could not find an English title for *Les Merveilleuses*; but it really does not matter. By whatever title the play at Daly's is known it will draw crowded houses for many, many months. This, we think, is mainly the result of the splendid way in which it is dressed and staged and stage-managed. The story of what happened in 1797 under the "Directors" of France is not very convincing, the plot and love interest is of the lightest, the *incroyables* and *merveilleuses* not too true to the period; the characters are caricature of the fine old *Madame Angot* type. The attempts at representing the time as it really was, rather insisted on in preliminary articles on the play, die away to nothing under that strong dissolvent, the topical song—with an excellent verse on soap—and the humours of the comedians who, without being low comedians, are determined to be funny.

* * *

The story was, we have heard, written by M. Victorien Sardou as a comedy some thirty years ago—it is not, as might be supposed, the latest outcome of the talents of the author of *La Tosca* and *Fédora*—and, therefore, the English book is not very greatly indebted to that master of the stage-play. But Captain Basil Hood has known how to make use of the original, and Mr. Adrian Ross has written a large number of lyrics with even more than his usual freedom and skill; above all, Dr. Hugo Felix has enveloped the whole in a cloud of delicious music that disguises any little weakness, and brightens and enhances each successful passage. Musicians will delight in this part of the comedy-opera, and the public will enjoy it more on their second or third visit, for everybody will go lots of times to *Les Merveilleuses*.

* * *

As the hero, Dorlis, the refugee aristocrat, Mr. Robert Evett looked every inch a refugee, and sang delightfully. Mr. Louis Bradfield looked every inch an aristocrat as Lagorille, the *incroyable* hair-dresser, and acted on a higher plane of comedy than some of his neighbours. Mr. W. H. Berry took the part of St. Amour — who marries the hero's wife while he is with the army — on very short notice, and took it extremely well, and delighted an easily pleased house with jokes, at present a little rough, but which we feel certain will train on and do uncommonly well in the long run. Mr. Kaye and Mr. Willie Ward, and Mr. Fred Emney, were excellent among a crowd of excellents. But, of course, the great thing here is the group of fine ladies, of which Miss Evie Greene as Lodoiska is so charmingly, so overwhelmingly first. This lady has never looked more beautiful nor been in better voice than on the first night. Her earliest song, in which she defends the "gauzy robes" of the *merveilleuses*, assured the success of the play, and all that Lodoiska did after that was sheer delight. Miss Denise Orme, Illyrine, with two husbands, was very fortunate in her "I'm sorry, so sorry" song, and looked and acted prettily all the time. Mlle. Mariette Sully played and sang with a good deal of assurance and skill, but did not greatly interest. Miss Maud Perceval had a dance as Eglé that at once took the house—it was graceful, daring, and decorative in design, and performed with an aplomb and skill and delicacy which was unexpected and charming.

*Photo* *Rita Martin*

**Miss Lily Brayton**

As Althea in *The Virgin Goddess* at the Adelphi Theatre

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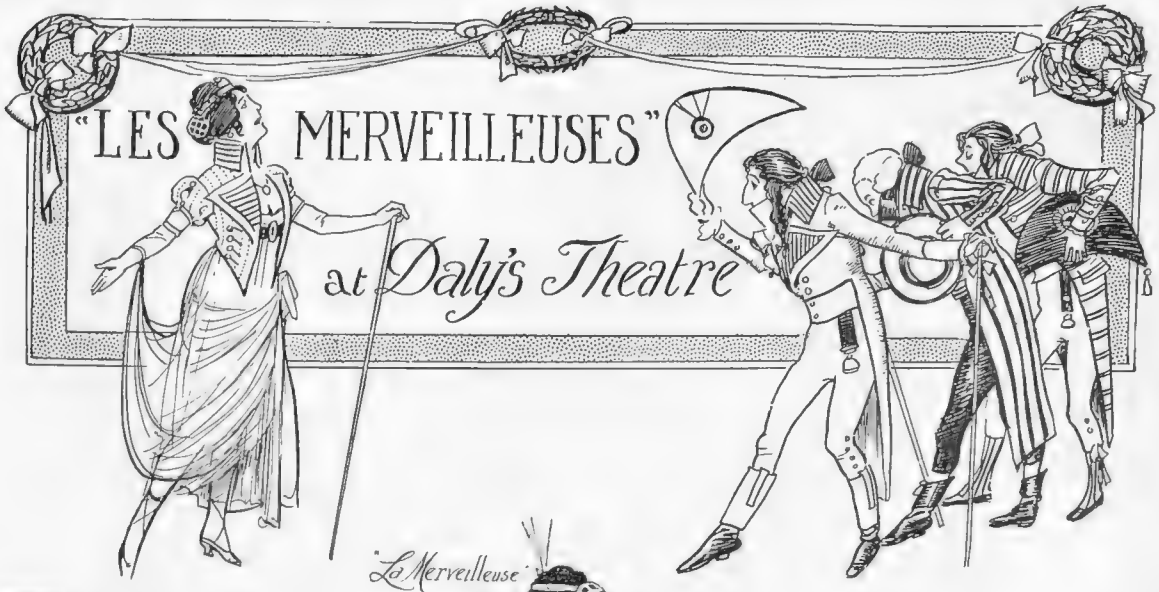
Just at the moment the *premières* at the theatres are going with refreshing cheerfulness, even at the Adelphi, where one feared a cool reception for the blank verse Greek tragedy by Mr. Rudolf Besier, all was applause and enthusiasm on the first night. The splendour and beauty of *The Virgin Goddess* as a whole, the dignity of some of the verse, the fine and simple story, the conscientious, highly cultivated, and sometimes almost inspired, acting, won an audience, none too predisposed, I imagine, back to the glories that were Greece. Mr. Besier has been greatly bold in telling his story of unhappy deeds and tragic issues, and the management adventurous in their appeal to the public; but neither has worked in vain. Although the first and second acts halted a little, they never wearied; one recognised always the high endeavour of all concerned, and welcomed every line which even hinted that literature and the stage, if estranged these

# "LES MERVEILLEUSES" at Daly's Theatre



*DRAWN AT DALY'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW*

# "Gloom and Doom" at the Adelphi

many years, had at last kissed again with tears. The heroic Haephestion (Mr. Oscar Asche) quarrels with his cowardly brother Cresphontes, King of Artis (Mr. Alfred Brydone), and loves, without knowing it, Althea (Miss Brayton), his brother's wife. Far in the Arcadian hills, Haephestion dedicates his life to Artemis. The face he worships in his dreams as the goddess is really that of Althea, who once saw and loved him also. The city of Artis is likely to fall to her enemies, when the King's brother returns, recognises his love for Althea, and, under pretence of saving the city, kills the King, and brings upon himself and Althea the heavy punishment of the goddess he has forsworn.

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*The Virgin Goddess* is to antique tragedy much as is a picture by Sir L. Alma Tadema to the real life of ancient Rome. Modern sentiment is permitted to appear, concessions are made to our ideas of beauty, and to the feelings of a Northern people. But the whole is treated with that marvellous solemnity which belongs alone to the newcomer in the world of art. Gloom and doom hang in every line. These "tragic issues" are, however, admirably, told by the action of Cleito (Miss Geneviève Ward), the blind mother of the brothers, by the Priestess of Artemis (Miss Madge McIntosh), and by the excellent chorus. The stately play moves rather pompously forward with the inevitability of antique tragedy. But there is a fine feeling about the play. The rolling lines, the cleverly adjusted music (by Mr. Christopher Wilson), the fine impersonations of all the characters, the beauty of the scene, all tell of the mystery of life and death in all times and to all peoples. The story is as new to-day, or as old, as when, in Pagan times, the herculean Haephestion defied Artemis:—

Inscrutable are they
That wield supernal power:
From depths of dark decay
They rear the splendid flower;
On waste and fruitful soil
They spend the sun and rain;
They lavish to despoil
And wreck to raise again.

* * *

The terrors of the streets are increasing every day in London, until at last we must either harden into a race of heroes, or become victims of some fresh form of neurasthenia, for which, no doubt, the *Daily Mail* will discover a puzzle name. This is just the moment when our traffic is undergoing a severe reform, and all is confusion, danger, and excitement. While the newly designed and imperfect motor-'bus grinds, like the wheels of Juggernaut, through the packed streets, or side-slips its neighbours into limbo, the antique horse vehicles still shuffle and trot about in consternation and impotency. Granted that the streets are slippery, a two-mile journey in an ordinary hansom—say, from the Temple to the West—will give you just now more complete thrills, to the half-crown, than any other experiment the town can offer. You take your life in your hands at every crossing, and when private electric broughams are not flashing within an inch of your wheels, bulky waggons, containing a vast tonnage of some sort of produce threaten you in a gloomy, determined manner, which reminds you the Fates are slow as well as swift. We know the law of change needs time to work, but could not the law of man do something to lubricate its wheels? It has been suggested that these enormous commercial vans should have an underground way of their own. Personally, we could suggest many other forms of traffic which should make way for us; but without hoping for an ideal solution, such as was attained in parts of Paris by its re-building, we beg that the matter may affect a Cabinet Minister, or someone of that sort, then, perhaps, we may hear of a way out.

*Photo* *Halftones, Ltd.*
**"The Butterflies," juvenile gymnasts, at the Hippodrome**
This photograph was taken specially for THE BYSTANDER, and the girl performer may be seen holding a copy of the paper while suspended on the arm of her companion

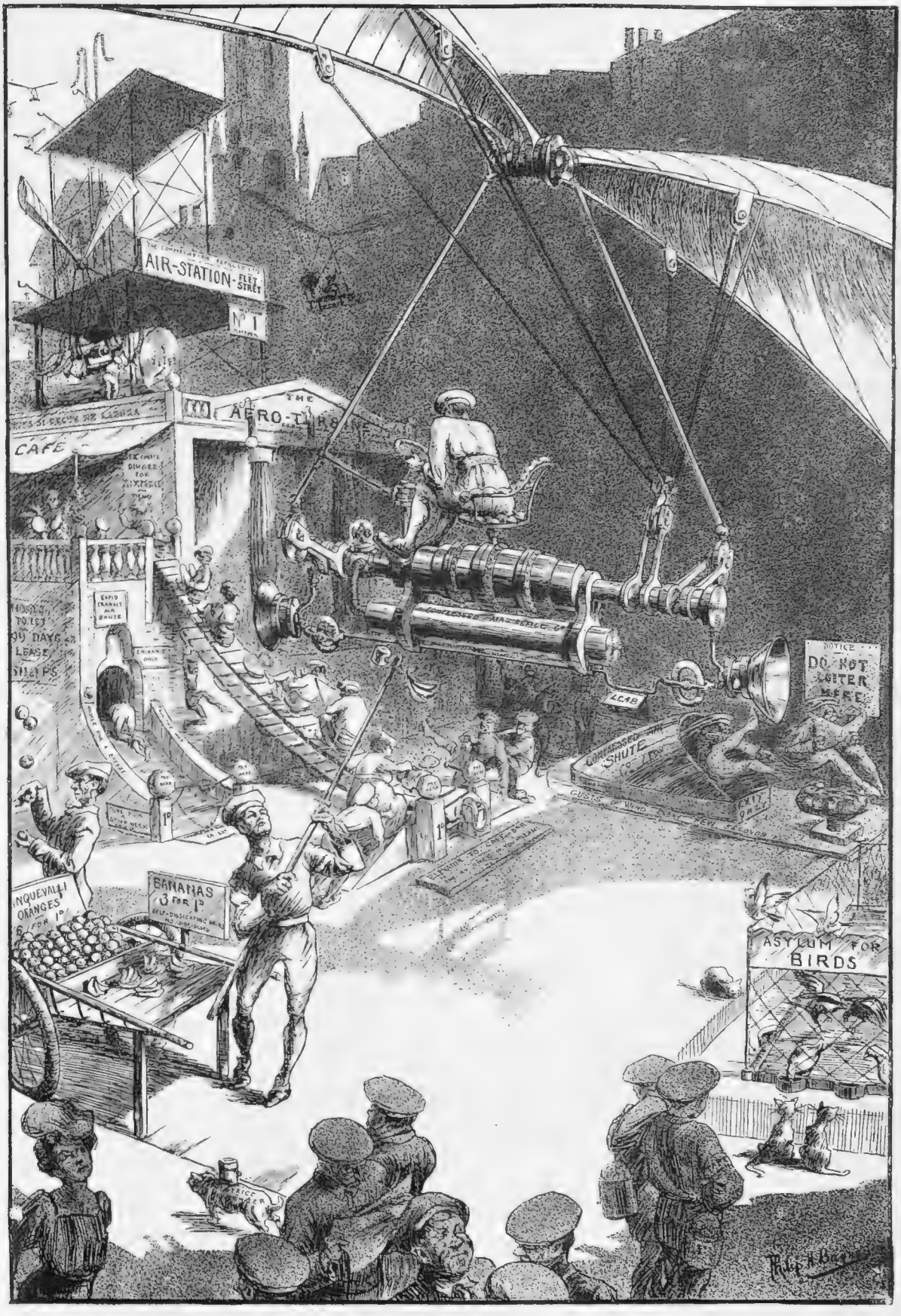
* * *

All London is interested in Mr. Waller; at least, the thousands of ladies who so candidly worship him tell one so. It is, therefore, extremely good of him to go out of his way in the present play to add a song to his many attractions. But his kindness in this direction is rather overdone. We have heard something of a "Round Robin" being signed by his most devoted well-wishers, begging him not to worry about singing, as it is called, but just to be himself. This document adds that whatever plays he produces in the future, he need not think of jumping through a hoop backwards, or being tattooed on the back, or riding a buck-jumping motor, the signatories ask no adventitious aids, and, least of all, that his sweet features should be disadjusted by a song. But one remembers that *Robin Hood* is not the first play in which Mr. Waller has sung—we heard him some time ago; but he was not much better then.

* * *

The Broadway Theatre is situated in Deptford, and, in spite of its not very elevating surroundings, is a great favourite with the well-to-do of the Southern suburbs and nearer Kentish towns. Of course, the excellence of the majority of the companies that visit the theatre has a great deal to do with its popularity, but its easy access from all parts South of the Thames is probably the chief cause. It is but five minutes'

# Will it Come to This?




**The air as the only possible refuge for distracted victims of London's street congestion**

*(With apologies to Mr. H. G. Wells)*

*DRAWN BY PHILIP H. BAYNE*

# Lyons's Theatre of Proprieties

walk from the S.E.R. New Cross Station, and electric trams to all parts of London pass its doors. Continuing my tour of the suburban theatres, I dropped in here the other evening, and witnessed a capital performance of that great Apollo success, *Veronique*. Miss Ethel Negretti, Miss Ruth Lincoln, and Mr. Leslie Holland were all included in an admirable cast. Miss Lena Maitland, who impersonated the Countess de Champ Azur, sang very beautifully, and was repeatedly encored. At the conclusion of the performance we were informed that there would be a display of animated pictures. Wily ruse; sandwiched between each moving picture were half a dozen advertisement slides. Sumptuous fare was provided at the Marlborough, Holloway, last week, when Miss Zena Dare was the weekly visitor. She played her original part of Angela in Mr. George Dance's splendid *Catch of the Season* company. Miss Dare, one of the most popular of our musical comedy stars, was accorded a great reception, and Mr. Dance may deem himself lucky in having secured her for his company. It is not long since she severed her connection with Mr. George Edwardes' productions, and she has, until quite lately, been taking Miss Ellaline Terriss's part in the *Beauty of Bath*. The Marlborough is visited this week by Edward Terry and Julia Neilson in *Dorothy o' the Hall*.

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There was a very, very serious meeting at the Mansion House the other day, at which a number of well-known, elderly, and respectable-looking gentlemen—almost all perfectly unconscious comedians—talked about our old, old friend, the English Sunday. It has been hinted for some time that this institution of our youth—about which Lady Dorothy Nevill tells us Bernal Osborn said, "It was a day of sanctity, in which indolent ineptitude passes for religious repose"—is in a bad way. Recognising this, "The National Sunday Observance Movement" has become stirred to its depths, and the committees have arranged all sorts of prospective meetings and things. In the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, a number of fluent clerics, the Bishop of Stepney and

*Photo]* **Mr. Joseph Lyons** *[Russell*

The famous restaurateur, who is about to attempt the regeneration of the poor old British public by the means of a series of "temperance music-halls," in which the tastes of the "girl of fifteen" and her "middle-class mother" are to be chiefly catered for

Father Bernard Vaughan especially, impressed upon the somewhat exiguous audience that the day of rest was drifting out of practical politics, and that we really *must* go to church. At present, the demands and desires of the "National Sunday Observance Movement" appear

*Photo* *Baker and Muggeridge*

**The recent music-hall marriage**

Mr. Alec Hurley (extreme left) and Miss Marie Lloyd, whose marriage at a Hampstead Registry Office recently created a lot of interest and merriment

most harmless and wise, but there is no doubt that if these quiet elderly gentlemen cannot persuade the recreant ones of the earth to worship in their churches they will do their best to force the hand of this and future Governments, and bring about by legislation what was lost long, long ago on the pleasing lines of *laisser faire*. The lists of supporters and patrons of these meetings contain the names of many very important people who, no doubt, feel strongly on the subject, but somehow these serious personages remind one of the rather cynical phrase which hints that many committees would be ashamed of their most brilliant actions were the world permitted to see the motives by which they are actuated.

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I cannot help thinking that the Lyons's scheme for the institution in London of winter gardens run on temperance lines in connection with music-halls, at which a strictly bowdlerised form of entertainment is to be "presented," does not hold out much promise of success. And I am by no means sorry to think so. The winter garden part of the business is all very well in its way, and may possibly turn out to be an improvement upon the existing tea-shops of the A.B.C. type; but it seems to me that the music-hall part is a misguided attempt to foster a type of character which, so far from deserving encouragement, exercises a retarding influence upon the moral development of the nation—the type which is best described as the embodiment of propriety run to seed. Propriety is a virtue, but it ceases to be one as soon as it is overdone, apart from the fact that there is always a suggestion of hypocrisy about it, and because there are people who are always thanking their Creator that they are not as other men I do not see why they should be encouraged to maintain that attitude in public by the provision of a special form of entertainment suited to their own bigoted views, and differing from that which is considered good enough, and harmless enough, for most men. Still less do I like the idea of seeing two great arts like Music and the Drama trammelled by restrictions that are obviously not deemed necessary by the community at large, and made

# Two Surreptitious Stage Marriages

subservient to the tastes of a class whose utter lack of the æsthetic sense is proverbial.

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But this, after all, is only an academic point of view. The real question is: Can an entertainment of the kind foreshadowed in the Lyons's scheme be made to pay? I have my doubts. There are, of course, plenty of people who abstain from going to music-halls "on principle," the principle being that it is improper so to do. It is an easy way of acquiring a reputation for virtue. But it does not follow from this that, if these people are provided with a special kind of music-hall, and told that it is quite proper for them to go there, they will all go. Some may; but the majority will adhere to those forms of amusement with which they are already familiar. It would not amuse them to go even to a penny-reading; neither will it amuse them to go to the sort of glorified penny-reading which is the *pièce de resistance* in the great caterer's latest bill of fare.

*Photo*] **Miss Lettice Fairfax** [*Lallie Charles*

Who has lately been quietly married to Mr. Biddulph Pinchard, an architect

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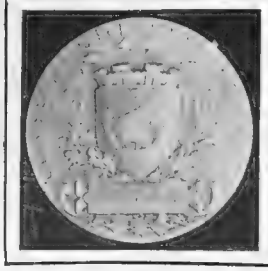
The Palace has added a very agreeable item to its already amusing programme. It consists of the fine poses of a lady who is known variously as "Galatea," "La Statue Humaine," and Miss Maude Odell. Under whichever name you care to take her, or by any other, she remains sweet, delicate, attractive. The pictures which she realises in her, apparently, marble figure are extremely various. "The Dancer," after Tadolini, in the Villa Borghesi, is very charming; Lord Leighton's "Bath of Psyche" is well realised; the Luxembourg "Salambo" is another difficult pose remarkably well carried out. But each of the eight pictures are worth seeing. Music by Mr. Herman Finck and odes from the graceful pen of Mr. Clifton Bingham grace the production.

BYSTANDER.

*Photo*] **Miss Mabel Gillman, who is to marry the President of the Steel Trust** [*Thomas*

Miss Mabel Gillman, the famous American actress, who made such a success over here a year or two ago as an American beauty, is engaged to Mr. Corey, President of the American Steel Trust. Miss Gillman has been away from the stage for the past year, and has been staying in Paris, and her engagement has been an open secret to her large circle of friends, though kept from the public



# Paris Week by Week

By FRANCES KEYZER

*Photos*

**The "Entente" Medal: Reverse**

This medal has been struck to commemorate the interchange of Municipal courtesies between London and Paris

*Halftones, Ltd.*

**The "Entente" Medal: Obverse**

M. Bellan, the Syndic of the Paris Municipal Council, has sent one of these medals to each of the County Councillors who visited Paris

### The Picquart Odyssey

The nomination of General Picquart to the post of Minister of War reads like the closing chapter in one of the books written for young people, wherein virtue is always triumphant. The heroes suffer, they undergo fearful hardships; yet, the youthful reader, who shares their troubles, is not haunted by fear as regards their ultimate fate. He knows that in the end everything will come right. When we grow older, we find reality somewhat different from what we read in the delightful stories in the days of our youth. We see innocence worsted, crime victorious, and a section of the community—as in the case of Colonel Henry—actually proposing to erect a statue to a self-acknowledged forger. The Picquart odyssey comes like a welcome relief; and we wonder whether the new Minister of War is the same Lieutenant-Colonel who, nine years ago, sacrificed his career and risked his life in the great cause of Truth. To us it seems like a dream. So it must be to him, when, in the Senate, he meets General Mercier, and, especially, General Billot, that worthy gentleman who, during the Dreyfus inquiry, speaking of Picquart, said, "We have discovered he has a mistress, Madame X., a married woman. *We must inform her husband!*" This same General Billot, dreading Picquart's upright character, and, therefore, anxious to get him out of the way, sent him first to the South of France, then to Algeria; and, but for General Leclerc, would have ordered him on a mission in a district verging on the Sahara without an adequate escort. "I will not send a French officer to his death," wrote General Leclerc, and, but for him, Picquart's bones would now be bleaching in the African desert.

**"Why did the statue the worthy priest shock so?"**

This statue of Daphne, which was recently erected at Castelnaudary, has offended the good priest of that town, with the result that he has flooded the Paris Press with his protests

* * *

### A Scholar and a Gentleman

Will the new Minister of War think of all this when he comes across the said Billot, or any of the other military miscreants who plotted against him? I have had the pleasure of meeting Picquart at the house of one of my friends, and it always struck me that the idea of revenge could never enter his mind. A gentleman in the highest sense of the word, a great scholar (he speaks fluently five languages), a splendid musician, and a wonderful psychologist, he is not the man to use his high official position to crush his former detractors. No doubt many of them quake in their shoes, but they will find their fears unfounded. General Picquart was not at all anxious to be raised to the post of Minister of War. When M. Clémenceau—one of his greatest admirers and defenders during the Dreyfus period—made him the offer, he refused; and it was only when the Minister appealed to his patriotism that the newly made General consented. One of the first things Picquart did when he took office was to make Major Targé his right hand. It was a gracious act. During the days when Picquart nearly became the victim of a heinous conspiracy, Targé risked his position to defend his chief. He shared Picquart's troubles, and his services have not been forgotten.

* * *

### Civilisation's Disgrace

The International Congress held here for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic has done good work. It is also a happy sign of the times that we are beginning to discover Pharisaism, and are publicly discussing questions which formerly could only be mooted *sotto voce*. Now, however, the cloak of hypocrisy that hid these malpractices has been lifted, and facts have been brought to light that make us blush for our callousness and indifference to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. For the last quarter of a century well-intentioned men and women have assisted in saving luckless girls from the hands of their exploiters. But they have only been successful in isolated instances; and owing to their lack of organisation, their work has borne but little fruit.

# Shakespeare at the Odéon

*Photo* *Manuel*

**Mlle. Clerget and M. Dattonville rehearsing "Julius Caesar," shortly to be produced in Paris**

*Julius Caesar* is one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays on the Continent. Berlin and Vienna have already acclaimed it the bard's most successful masterpiece, and now the enterprising M. Antoine, at the Odéon, will shortly give Paris an opportunity of judging the production

# The Nymph who Shocked the Priest

### More Supervision

The International Congress, just held, has made a great step forward, inasmuch as they discussed the question of the supervision of theatrical and *café* concert agencies. M. Broca, deputy-secretary of the Artists' Syndicate in Paris, in a telling speech, cited numerous instances of the horrible treatment of girls in *café* concerts and similar establishments, which tended to show that International legislation is urgently needed. From him we heard the appalling fact that for a pittance, varying from 1 franc to 5 francs per day, these unfortunate creatures are compelled to live and take their meals in the establishment at a price fixed by the owner. They are "compelled" to accept invitations to supper from any visitor, failing which their engagement is immediately cancelled. The Congress, therefore, passed a resolution calling for various drastic changes in the treatment of these artists, with a view of preventing managers and proprietors of *café chantants* from lodging and boarding their employees. It was also decided to invite national committees to agitate for proper legislation, and appeal to the authorities in all countries to prevent abuses and malpractices on the part of both agencies and managers. This, certainly, is the first step in the right direction.

* * *

### Why Did the Statue the Worthy Priest Shock So?

The arch-priest of Castelnaudary has been shocked, grievously shocked, as he crossed the square in the town where he is called to bless and teach. The good priest has been horrified at the statue of Daphne, nude as his hand, that the Mayor has permitted to be erected. He could not pass before it. He retraced his steps and wrote the indignant letter that is amusing Paris. Not Paris of Helen's day, but Paris of ours. Is it possible that the arch gentleman had never heard of the nymph beloved by Apollo, who was turned into a laurel to protect her from the caress of the god? Or did he imagine that the nymph should have been clothed when she sought Zeus's aid? Possibly he thought of nothing in particular as he crossed the square, and the nude nymph scandalised him. Castelnaudary, like other towns, has its statues of frock-coated, top-hatted statesmen, of warriors in togas, and nonentities on horseback, and the idea that an artist should be called upon to represent an allegorical figure never entered the good priest's head. The name of the sculptor has not reached us—what capital Rodin would have made out of the affair!—but the Mayor is protecting the work, and politely advising the arch-priest to call at the Vatican, and make himself acquainted with the hundreds of nude women in marble and stone that adorn the palace. It strikes me that the priest lost a valuable opportunity to pass and say nothing.

* * *

### Women and Dress

I have been going the rounds of the dressmaking palaces with a couple of London friends, charming women who come twice a year to Paris to buy clothes, and I have been amazed at the audacious prices the heads of the establishments ask and receive for a dress. In fact, I begin to believe women like the sensation of wearing a dress that cost them £80, when they know they could get the same for £40. But the great Paris dressmakers are physiognomists. They see at a glance the class of woman they have to deal with. And they rise to the occasion. After all, it is the women who are to blame. They could not be happy in cheap clothing. Any London dressmaker can make a plain velvet gown for £40. There is no object in coming to Paris if the price does not give them a sensation. "Two thousand francs! How deliciously dear!" I should like to see a law passed to prevent women from wearing dresses that cost more than £25. They could give the surplus to a charity and advertise it. Surely that would be a satisfaction. FRANCES KEYZER.

**Three portraits of "Captain" Voigt "von Koepenick," taken on the day of his arrest**

Most people experienced a feeling almost akin to regret when they heard that the clever scamp who fooled the Burgomaster and people of Koepenick, and got away scot-free with £200, had been arrested by the Berlin police, for the joke was such a good one, that it seemed a pity to bring it to an abrupt finish, especially when it transpired that Voigt was a mere cobbler, who had spent most of his existence in prison

*FROM ABROAD*

# Japanese Acting—New and Old

### Studying English Methods

The strong interest which the London public have always taken in the work of Japanese actors is being returned in kind. Mr. Matsui, who is now in London, is visiting all our theatres, and making pertinent inquiries into our many stage mysteries. Among a long list of questions which he has—in the scientific spirit—placed before a leading theatrical authority was the quaint query, "Do you bribe your dramatic critics?" The only answer he obtained was from a writer on the stage, who said that if they proposed to do so when the National Theatre of Japan was evolved, he would start at once for the Land of the Rising Sun and home of the shining arts. However, it seems to us that Japan has very little to learn from her Western friends in connection with the drama or any other art. All we beg of them is to be themselves, and let who can be clever in some other way. To be decorative, polite, and artists through and through—is not that enough in a mad world? However that may be to our Western minds, it is not enough to the conquering Japanese. Their traditional acting, which has pleased so many generations of their race, is still admired by them. The old school holds its own, but the new is growing apace. Madame Sadi Yakko, whose Monna Vanna is greatly admired here, is the fine flower of the movement, and her work expresses that general victory of her people over the difficulties which our point of view offer to the Eastern mind. The new school of Japanese actors, at least, presents the European characters they undertake with more skill and truth than our performers represent Japanese types. Those actors who are seen on this side of the world, however, are, of course, the greatest and most attractive Japan has to offer. In the National Theatre now being formed, no doubt the new school will be foremost, but we trust the elder traditions will flourish side by side with the European styles.

**An example of the European school of acting, in which Madame Sadi Yakko appears as Monna Vanna and Mr. Yamamato as Prinzevalle in Maeterlinck's play**

**An Example of the Old School of Acting: Mr. Tosto and his wife assume native Japanese rôles**

The Japanese are about to establish a National theatre, and Mr. S. M. Matsui, a well-known journalist, is now in Europe acquainting himself with Western methods. He has presented some of these photographs to the Playgoers Club. (Taken by Mr. Metora)

# The Villa Hügel, the Imposing Residen

In the library

**A General View of the Villa Hügel**
The substantial dwelling-house of the Krupps, which is situated three miles from the works at Essen

**Baron Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach**

*Photos*

## THE WEDDING OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST HEIRESS: VILLA

On October 15 last, the world's richest heiress, Fräulein Bertha Krupp, married Baron von Bohlen and Halbach. The Kaiser was present at the wedding ceremony, which was held in a chapel specially built for the inheritress of the vast fortune left by her fa

# ce of the Richest Woman in the World

Fräu Krupp von Bohlen

The dining-room

*Underwood*

HÜGEL, THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE OF THE KRUPP FAMILY

occasion. Fräulein Krupp was the sole ther, who died in 1902. The bridegroom has served in the German Diplomatic Service in the United States and Peking, and was acting as Councillor to the Prussian Embassy at the Vatican when he met his wife

# The Falls of Clyde

*Photo* *Duthie*

**The Falls of Clyde at Bonnington, Lanark**

Bonnington Falls is one of four falls of the Clyde, which drops nearly 400 ft. in four miles. Above the falls the Clyde is plentifully stocked with trout and salmon, the season for which closed last week, and the river forms one of the boundaries of the estate at Abington, Lanark, the seat of Lord Colebrooke, with whom the King has been staying recently

Worldly Short Story No. 48

# THE GIRL AND THE GAZEKA

By ETHEL MILLS

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

*Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!*

THE Gazeka, smiling in celluloid complacency from the largest pocket of the man's blazer, was apparently undisturbed when the girl made her sudden demand that he should be hurled through space to the flags below.

Lady Brent's apartments at Hampton Court were on the top floor, and the man and the girl were both rather tired after a long June day on the river, therefore they had paused to take breath on a landing, and possibly the sight of many little baskets dangling from the various floors to the daylight gloom of the staircase well, inspired the girl with her murderous thought.

"Barry! Did you hear me?" she repeated. "Throw that silly toy over the banisters—I want to hear him squelch."

"Couldn't think of it," said the man, with decision. "Might hit an inquiring tourist on the head. Just imagine the account he would take back to Yankeedom of the manners and customs of the King's aristocratic pensioners!"

"Tourists are not allowed in the private wings," said the girl severely; a wave of angry colour dyed her fair face suddenly as she added, "I fancy you have another reason for refusing to throw the horrid thing away."

"Yes, I have a reason, and a very good one for wishing to keep the little beggar; otherwise I shouldn't have asked Ethel Bell to get it for me. She had to attend a special matinée where they were given away by the management, and she detests matinées."

"Oh, so it *is* for fear of hurting Lady Bell's feelings that you refuse to do as I ask you; I quite understand," said Miss Phyllis with asperity.

Barry Clieland was young, and not particularly wise in his generation.

"Good heavens, Phyl," he said, teasingly, "you are not jealous of Ethel Bell, surely?"

"Not at all," answered his *fiancée*, with all the insolence of extreme youth; "one could scarcely be jealous of an old married woman—why, she must be thirty or more! No, I am not jealous, neither is my request pure caprice, as you seem to think. I have a reason also, and a good one."

"Let's hear it then—if it is better than mine, I *might* do as you ask."

Miss Phyllis thought better to ascend a few steps by herself before answering, then from the higher plane she spoke.

"I look upon that ridiculous little creature as a symbol of the utterly frivolous and futile life you are leading, in common with all Englishmen of your class. What is this toy? Not even the impersonation of a reality—just an imaginary and grotesque creation from the brain of a playwright, wise enough to gauge the understanding powers of the so-called 'Smart Set' to a nicety. The wretched joke has caught the fancy of the British public, and to-day you think Gazeka, you talk Gazeka, you frivol away a lovely afternoon making silly remarks about the stupid thing—can you wonder that I am sick of it?"

Barry looked perfectly astounded at this graphic and unexpected peroration, and, as usual, said exactly what he thought.

"Who on earth has been putting all that rot into your head, Phyl; why on earth should I take life seriously before I am obliged to; what is the river and the sunshine, and all that, for but to enjoy while we can? I don't call your reason a good one at all—it is mere caprice, as I thought, and I won't smash him to atoms, bless his ugly face" (with an affectionate pat to the bald pink pate bulging from his pocket).

"You have carefully avoided giving me your reason, all the same," said the girl, dropping her lofty tone for one of rather childish recrimination, "but I know more than you think I do. What if I break off our engagement unless you do as I have requested?"

For answer to this fearful threat, Barry sprang up the intervening steps and, catching the girl in his arms, kissed her beautiful, angry face with the thoroughness that characterised all his movements; and he only desisted when footsteps rang on the echoing stone and a slim, poetic-looking man materialised from the upper landing.

"I fear I intrude," he said. "I called on Lady Brent in hopes of seeing my cousin—I am apt to forget that she has a new circle of acquaintances who make large demands on her time, so that there is little hope for old friends." And he would have passed them with a stiff bow had not Barry laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Not at all," he said (there was more politeness

Another Worldly Story Next Week

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than cordiality in his tone, for he had nothing in common with this gloomy cousin of Phyl's). "Have a chat to her here—while I run on to pay my respects to Lady Brent. Afterwards I can motor you to Piccadilly, if you like," and he swung up the remaining steps, leaving the cousins together.

Howard Braidwood posed against the oaken banisters in an attitude of studied grace, and he bent what he would himself describe as "a compelling gaze" upon her for quite a minute before he spoke.

"Phyllis," he said, "it is a year ago to-day since you arrived from Australia, a sweet, unsophisticated girl, bent upon using your great talents and your small fortune to the best advantage. My letters to you were the means of inducing you to take this trip, and I had promised myself the joy of being your guide, philosopher, and friend in this strange old world, so full of temptations and snares for such as you. Upon the voyage you became engaged to Barry Clieland, a typical Englishman of wealth and leisure, and I ask you—where are your noble aspirations now; your dreams of conquering the world of literature and art? Day after day you frivol away your time in pleasure. Oh, child! it breaks my heart to see you so content."

And he struck his forehead with a gesture of very real despair, for in very truth he had intended this moneyed cousin of his to take him as a husband as well as guide, philosopher, etc., and since her arrival his heart had endorsed what his head had planned, and it was gall and wormwood to know that she was drifting away from his influence, for it was his amiable intention to come between the lovers by every means in his power; but he was not the man to let any opportunity slip, and he improved the shining hour on this, as on other occasions.

Phyllis was very young, very impressionable, very much inclined to jealousy, and she was in the mood to listen to him now. However, her cheeks still glowed from the warmth of her lover's kisses, and she made a feeble protest.

"I know it is all very dreadful," she said; "I feel that I am losing my ideals. But then, you know, Barry loves me—and—and that makes up for a lot."

Braidwood began to laugh softly and long, and Phyllis grew uneasy.

"Why do you laugh?" she said. "He may be frivolous and selfish as you say, but he *does* care for me—and I must try to fit into his life."

"Poor child!" said Braidwood; "poor little bush flower! What do you know of the poisonous but lasting attraction of the hothouse orchid? You will be as hundreds of other Society wives, I suppose. There are many Lady Ethel Bells—heartless, alluring—in this world."

"Oh, Howard, do you really think he cares for her? You have lived in England all your life; you *must* know so much more of the people of the set into which I am to marry; and I have thought over what you said about Barry's friendship for Lady Bell, and to-day I gave him a little test. I asked him to throw away a silly toy she had given him, and——"

"He refused," said Braidwood, triumphantly. "Alas, Phyllis, his past is as the past of all luxury-loving men of an effete civilisation; but remember my advice—watch carefully, and when you see your idol's feet of clay—when your heart is broken—*come to me.*"

What more melodrama he might have treated the impressionable young woman to I cannot say, for at that moment Clieland returned, and, not averse to being seen in the very smart motor of a member of the circle he thought fit to despise verbally, Howard Braidwood took hasty leave of his cousin and hurried young Clieland away, lest he should wait to inquire into the reason of Phyl's chill farewell; and the girl walked listlessly into the many-windowed room wherein Lady Pamela Brent was spending the evening of her days enjoying the bounty of King and country, in whose service her husband and three sons had lost their lives.

She had opened her heart to the girl of Barry's choice, because he was her favourite relative and favoured her dead sons in appearance—so Phyl was spending a week with her in the beautiful old Palace on the winding Thames.

"Well, child," she said, "that cousin of yours has been here. I don't like him, my dear—he doesn't ring true."

The girl flared up at once.

"If everyone were as true to me as he is,' she said, "it would be well. He is earnest; he thinks life is made for something else than empty pleasuring. He would use Barry's wealth and influence very differently were *he* master of Clieland Towers instead of a struggling man of letters as he is. He would lay down his very life for others—he often says so."

"I daresay he *says* so, my dear; still I am told that he does himself extremely well in London, while his sisters scrape along in a wretched country village. As for Barry"—with a glance at the three swords over the wide old fireplace—"Brents and Clielands never fail at a pinch. All the froth is at the top in their case. You don't look fit to be talked to, though; order tea, dear. Cook has made you some maids-of-honour from the Richmond recipe."

However, even the maids-of-honour, light and delectable, failed to gladden Phyllis's heart, and later on that night her rest was disturbed by dreams wherein the Gazeka, secure in Lady Ethel's protection, lolled a small pink tongue in derision, and smiled more malevolently than ever.

. . . . .

For all this, Phyllis accepted Lady Ethel's invitation to spend the week-end on her houseboat, moored in the reach by Clieland Towers.

In spite of her quiet life in the big land over-seas, she found the new world she had entered through her lover's friends an exceedingly fascinating one. She found its inmates decidedly more interesting than Howard Braidwood's coterie of Bohemian borderlanders who, one and all, raged at the "leisured class" about them.

Still, she was largely influenced by his warped views, and she often marvelled to find that girls could look so innocently fresh and sweet when their whole energies were bent on husband-hunting for position and wealth alone; that the young men could look the world in the face with straight, honest glances when all their powers were used to make love to the very charming married women of their acquaintance, who were, one and all, neglectful mothers. Certainly, the

(Continued on page 284)

# Une Merveilleuse

*Photo* *Dover Street Studios*

**Miss Evie Greene, who is now appearing in "The Merveilleuses" at Daly's Theatre**

Playgoers will welcome the reappearance of Miss Evie Greene in the new comic opera at Daly's, *The Merveilleuses*, in which her voice is heard to the greatest advantage, and her comedy style of acting is given full scope

(Continued from page 282)

comfortable contented babies under coroneted rugs in the park, and the carriage-loads of rosy boys and girls in the Christmas holidays, rather upset her ideas on this latter point; but she felt she was on sure ground when she noted Barry's evident enjoyment of Lady Ethel's company. She could own, if not define, the fascination of this rather world-weary woman, whose charm of manner made one forget more beautiful women in her presence. Others than Braidwood dropped hints which told her that Barry's boyish fancy had once been captured by Lady Ethel. She remembered that someone had told her how little in common Lady Ethel had with her own uncongenial husband, whom she had married from the school-room, and who had no thoughts to spare for anyone besides his absorbing passion for scientific research; and Barry was always enthusiastic about Lady Ethel. He said she was a grand woman—his best pal in the world—and so jealousy grew rankly in her heart until the night of the big fire in Clieland village, which taught her so strange a lesson.

Lady Ethel roused her at midnight, and they hurried on deck to see the western sky like a crimson shield; the fringe of boathouses were on fire, and the men of the party had reached the scene while the two women were still hurrying towards it.

They arrived to find one of the boathouses a smouldering wreck, and another, alight in the bottom story, was unapproachable from below. Some men had run a frail ladder from the roof of the adjacent shed to the window of the odd cote-like tower surmounting the burning building; a canal ran between these two houses, there was a drop of many feet, and it seemed uncertain whether the improvised bridge would hold a great weight.

Howard Braidwood was present—he had taken rooms in the neighbourhood "to be near Phyllis should she call" he said—and to him went Barry Clieland just as the women arrived, and they heard his request.

"Braidwood, you can give me a good two stone, I think, and the lighter the weight the better the chance to get back with him. Will you go, old chap? It won't be so risky for a man of your height and weight."

"Not I," Howard answered. "Do you take me for a madman to risk life and limb for the sake of a freak better out of the world than in it?"

He spoke roughly and rather nervously under the gaze of Barry's keen blue eyes.

"Oh, very well, then I must go; but it lessens the chance for the little devil." As he spoke, he threw off his coat and made for the door of the shed, and, before Phyllis could realise the trend of events, she saw him emerge from the trap-door and on to the roof.

"Oh, stop him! He must not go! Surely, there is no one in that little tower," she cried.

"My child, don't you know—this is Clieland village; it belongs to Barry—of *course*, he must go. The 'Gazeka' is in the Tower. Oh, my God! that ladder will never stand his weight," and Lady Ethel clasped her white beringed hands tightly.

"The 'Gazeka'!" shrieked Phyllis, hysterically. "You dare to tell me that he is risking his life for *that*—it is *my* life, not his, and he shall not." She flung herself forward to call her lover, when Braidwood stepped from the crowd beside her.

"Yes," he hissed, "it is the Gazeka. What does he care for your agony, when *her* gift is in jeopardy, and he can gain her favours by proving his devotion? Come away, Phyllis, my motor is not far off. Let me take you to my sisters' house; it is not many miles away, and you will at least be secure from witnessing that scheming woman's triumph."

Phyllis stood as if turned to stone.

"He heard me call," she cried. "He knew I did not wish him to go. I will wait to see the end—to pray for his escape, and then——"

"And then?" whispered Braidwood, hoarsely.

"I will go with you," she said, "and he may return to her."

Barry stood over six feet, and was broad, and rather heavily built, but he was young and active, and had almost reached his goal when the frail bridge cracked and broke beneath his feet. He pitched forward and flung his arms over the lintel of the Tower window just as the timbers hurtled to the depths below. In a moment he had drawn himself over the ledge, and disappeared into the smoke-filled room.

Lady Bell stood statue-like, with strained eyes fixed on the doomed building.

"Do you hear the fire engines coming?" she said, turning swiftly; but Braidwood's form intervened between her and the girl to whom she spoke, and she averted her eyes.

"Oh, coward!" she said, in her tense, low tones, "it would have held *you* easily—and he will never come back."

But Braidwood took no heed; and he hurried the half-fainting girl away from the circle of light.

"Wait," he commanded. "You shall hear the truth."

Phyllis shivered and flung herself down on her knees; it seemed long before Howard Braidwood returned with the information that Barry Clieland was safe and sound. He said nothing of the fight for life that had taken place in the burning building before the man had escaped, almost miraculously, to the lower floor and out through smoke and flame to safety.

"Yes, he got the precious Gazeka," he said. "There is no need for you to witness the meeting; there are plenty of onlookers, and Lady Bell is making the most of the situation. Come with me."

And Phyllis, beside herself with mingled emotions—relief at Barry's escape; anger at his senseless feat; above all, jealous of the influence which had opposed her own—Phyllis went with him willingly.

. . . . . .

"Marry me at once," Howard had urged, but this the girl firmly refused to do until her engagement was broken off properly, and Barry's reply to her letter received. It came in due course, straight to the point and short, as Barry's letters always were:—

"I need not tell you that I care for you," he said. "You know that; but I agree with you we are best apart. I can't understand you; it seems to me there was only one thing possible to be done on the night of the fire, and I did it—you think otherwise. We neither of us understand the other's point of view. Good-bye, Phyl."

(Continued on page 286)

# A Daughter of Pharoah

*Photo* *Foulsham and Banfield*

**Miss Ruth Vincent as Princess Amāsis at the New Theatre**

Messrs. Fenn and Faraday's *Amāsis* is still drawing crowds to the New Theatre, and is one of the draws of the season. Miss Vincent was appearing in *The Girl on the Stage*, the revised edition of *The Little Cherub*, before taking up her part as "A Daughter of Pharoah"

(Continued from page 284)

And that was all.

"He is glad to get rid of me—he does not even say he is sorry. I will marry you as soon as you like, Howard."

And she might have done so, had not fate, in the shape of Lady Ethel, interfered. Braidwood had miscalculated in her case alone—that she loved Clieland he knew; that she would be glad to see him regain his freedom he deducted; that her love was selfless and beautiful his warped mind failed to realise. Time, distance, misunderstandings, are nothing to a determined woman, and Lady Ethel spared no trouble to seek the girl in her retreat and force her to listen to reason.

"Oh, foolish child," she cried, "to doubt the best man on earth. Yes, Phyllis, I *do* care for him; but you are wrong when you think he cares for me. His happiness is all I desire, and so I come to you—the girl he loves—to plead for him. What a tangle you have made of things. So you thought he risked his life for a silly toy, and you didn't know that the crippled, deformed son of the old boat-keeper lived in that little tower. He used to fish from the staging sometimes, and we always called him 'The Gazeka,' he was so quaintly ugly. No, Phyllis; Barry risked his life only to save a helpless one. You will come straight back with me to-night and beg his pardon on your bended knees." Then she took something small and shining from her pocket—a tiny gold Gazeka with ruby tongue, and one gleaming diamond eye—and added:

"Barry had this made for you. I got him the original creature to have copied. What! so you were suspicious about that also. Oh, Phyllis!" And she stooped to kiss the girl's April face of smiles and tears.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," she added, gently, "Barry loves you, and there is nothing you cannot put right—to all of us is not given the chance to retrieve the past. Come, we will return Barry his girl and Gazeka this very afternoon."

ETHEL MILLS.

*Photo* *W. H. Knowles*

AUTUMN

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods"

# More Child Readers at Home and Abroad

## "BYSTANDER EVERYWHERE" COMPETITION (NINTH SERIES)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii)

**"Rival attractions"**

Photographed by Capt. COLSON, 41st Dogras, Shanbraikwan, North China. He writes: "The wall in the background is the famous Great Wall of China, and the children have temporarily forsaken the paper to watch two Chinamen flying a hawk"

**A group of "Bystanders" in Ireland**

Sent by Lieut.-Colonel CRAWFORD MCFALL, Kilkenny, Ireland. He says: "The children's donkey, 'Ali Baba,' follows them about the fields, and in this case it was curious to see what they were looking at"

**"The Compleat Angler"**

Mr. J. S. PLACE, Paymaster R.N., H.M.S. *Forth*, Devonport, writes: "This youthful Izaac Walton needs nothing to complete his happiness. His basket is fairly full, and THE BYSTANDER is handy to wile away the moments when sport is slack; and, great joy, he feels a bite! The scene was "snapped" at Sticklepath, a lovely village at the foot of Dartmoor"

# By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

*We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay* **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

### The Regular Season Opens

The cub of a few days ago is, in this first week of November, a cub no longer. He is a full-aged fox, and let us hope that, in his days of cubhood, those lessons which the huntsman has hoped to impart have not been lost or wasted on him. In other words, let us hope that the fear of hounds is in his heart, and that he is ready to seek safety in flight as soon as he hears the pack approaching his sanctuary. There is the natural instinct of self-preservation, of course, in the vulpine race which makes for sport; but, generally speaking, the fox which has been bustled as a cub, and ruthlessly scattered from the rest of his litter, is the one which, later on, will face the open without hesitation, and give hounds their hardest work. Many packs, outside the Shires, began regular hunting last week, but the first Monday of November was set apart, in accordance with the time-honoured custom, for the meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate, while the Cottesmore, Mr. Fernie's, the Pytchley, and the Belvoir are all due to open the season during the present week. Cub-hunting wound up under much more favourable conditions than prevailed at starting, but in many countries scent was never really good. Already, reports have come to hand of nasty accidents to horsemen, and falls are sure to be unpleasantly numerous so long as the country remains as blind as it is at the time of writing. Some severe frosts and heavy winds are necessary to clear the hedges of foliage that is aggravatingly superfluous to those who would ride straight to hounds, yet have a care for their necks.

**Mr. Basil Tozer**

Whose campaign on the question of "Cruelty to Foxes" has been attracting attention. He is a keen sportsman, an ardent follower of the hounds, and a well-known author and journalist

**Lady De Ramsey and her Jap spaniels**

Lady De Ramsey is a great sportswoman, and takes a keen interest in her many dogs. A fierce dispute is now taking place between Lord De Ramsey and some of his tenants who voted in the Liberal interest recently

### Two Bad News Items

While surrounding packs are starting the season with prospects of sport as bright as can be expected in the Home Counties under modern conditions, followers of the Old Berkeley (East) are greeted with the unpleasant news that mange has broken out in their country again. This is, indeed, bad fortune, and one can only hope that the visitation will not be so devastating in its effects as has been the case in some places recently. Members of the Pembrokeshire Hunt also start the season with unpleasant tidings, but of a different character. In a word, Lord Kensington has announced that this must be his last season in the Mastership. His acceptance of the post a few years ago probably saved the Hunt from disintegration, and the threatened loss of his services comes as a severe blow to the followers. During his command of the pack, Lord Kensington has built new stables and a house for the huntsman, and these he has generously offered to hand over to the hunt, as well as promising to continue his substantial support.

### Foxes Run to Ground

We must say that during our experience of hunting we have seen nor heard of nothing nearly so revolting as the incident of "cork-screwing" which Mr. Basil Tozer has recently described in the *Fortnightly Review* and elsewhere. Briefly, Mr. Tozer writes that he has

**The Opening Meet of the Bexhill Harriers: Enthusiastic followers on foot**

The first meet of the Bexhill Harriers this season was eminently successful, and a large field was present

seen a gigantic implement, resembling a corkscrew, calmly screwed into a fox's body, the animal being then drawn from his earth like a cork from a bottle. We trust that Mr. Tozer is not so absolutely certain of his facts as his article would lead us to suppose. Ninety-nine per cent. of hunting people have never heard of such a thing before, and that, I think, shows that the incident is altogether exceptional. We have heard of foxes being dislodged from their holes by means of a stick twisted round their skin, which is, of course, a totally different process from that described by Mr. Tozer. While not desirous of doubting his accuracy, we do hope that Mr. Tozer may have been mistaken in his view of the case he quotes. Either of the two methods just mentioned of unearthing a fox will be unhesitatingly condemned by the average rider to hounds. We know that sometimes it is desirable that hounds should have their fox when he has gone to ground; but if he cannot be ousted by terriers or by digging, it would be far better to leave him in peace rather than to bring grave discredit upon what has been aptly termed "the king of sports."

#### A Smart Pack of Harriers

The Bexhill Harriers, of whose opening day we give illustrations, are one of the smartest packs of their kind in the Southern Counties. The hounds are black and tan in colour, and are bred from the Old English harrier and Southern hound. Under the energetic leadership of their new Master, Mr. C. Ward Jackson, the outlook is bright. Already there has been some excellent sport, and this fact is certain to attract new subscribers and additional support, which are essential to a hunt not independent of financial considerations.

#### A Seven-Centuries-Old Fair

Bampton pony fair in the West Country is unique. It is over 700 years old, and is held for the sale of the world-famed Exmoor ponies, some thousand of which change hands. The ponies are born and bred amidst the deep fern and purple heather of Exmoor Forest, and have run wild for a year amidst the wild scenery of Dunkerry Beacon and the Doone Valley. Prior to the last week in October, they are collected and driven in bunches, by mounted drovers, pell-mell along the moorland roads and country lanes to Bampton. The Exmoor pony is no bigger than a mastiff, but is possessed of such strength and agility that he is more than a match for any two ordinary men. Colts fetch as much as £5 a piece, yearlings up to £8, and broken ponies £15. Many of the local landowners are keen breeders of Exmoors, notably Lord Fortescue, Sir Thomas Acland, and Sir George Newnes.

#### A Good Pheasant Season

As regards pheasants, this season will be one of the best. Though in some places birds hatched out late, still, they have since done surprisingly well. Wild-bred birds have also done satisfactorily, and I hear of nothing but good news from all parts. Until the leaves are off and frost has bitten down the undergrowth, it is impossible to beat

*Photos* *Coster*

**The Bexhill Harriers: The new Master, Mr. C. Ward Jackson, salutes Lord Brassey**

Mr. Ward Jackson, the new Master, is very popular with all the hunting people in the Bexhill district, and a very good season is expected. On this occasion, besides Lord Brassey, there were also present, Earl De La Warr, Mr. Nevin du Mont (East Sussex Hunt), Mr. Campbell (Hailsham Harriers), and Major Rynd, a former M.F.H. of the Kildare Hunt

woods or to see to shoot. This year the leaves are remaining on the trees surprisingly late, and one would have thought that after so long a spell of dry weather they would have come off early. In many places the autumn tints are only just commencing. I expect to hear of some great bags being made in November and later on, though I confess I cannot personally understand the desire for such huge bags. There is certainly not half so much enjoyment to be got in shooting a great number of pheasants—till they fairly rain down on one—as in getting a moderate number of tall birds at each stand, each one of which is a real hard shot. I was astonished to find the other day the extraordinary number of cartridges which are got through by some men in a season. One well-known shot — in fact he is the best "driven-bird" shot I know of — informed me that, *not including* the few (!) he used in Scotland, grouse-driving, he generally used during the partridge and pheasant season 50,000 cartridges each year! His cartridge bill must mount up to a goodish sum — for this number at only 10*s.* per 100 would bring it up to £250.

A. W. C.

*Photo* *Newman*

**Two suspicious characters whom any gamekeeper would be justified in stopping**

## GARDEN NOTES

As often happens after a dry summer, the heavy rain which has fallen since, together with a high temperature, has caused plants of all kinds to make a great deal of late growth. As there is little chance of its being ripened before winter, much of it is sure to be killed by frost. Roses, in particular, after having been nearly stationary for months, have been throwing up numbers of long sappy shoots. They had better be left until March and then cut back to sound, hard wood. In the case, also, of currants and raspberries, on which the buds are already swelling, no other treatment is possible. Unless they are netted to protect them from birds, not many of the buds will be left next spring.

### A Case for Care

The premature swelling of the buds on black currants, however, may be due to another cause, the black-currant mite, a most destructive pest, which has spread so rapidly throughout the country that few gardens are free from it. Its presence may be detected by the unnatural plumpness of the buds towards the end of the

**Under the "budding" chestnut tree the village smithy stands—in November! A tree at Birling, Kent, which is in flower for the second time this year**

The heavy rains and warm weather, after a dry summer, have caused all kinds of trees and plants to recommence flowering. Roses particularly have been throwing off numbers of sappy shoots, and the buds on raspberries and black currants have been rapidly swelling. These well-meaning efforts to prolong the summer will unhappily, in most cases, be frustrated by autumn's frosts

year. If the attack is a bad one, the only thing to be done is to grub up the bushes and burn them; if it is slight, the removal of the affected parts is sometimes sufficient. The mites are so small that they cannot be seen without a microscope or lens. Fortunately, they are wingless; but at times they gather at the extremities of the shoots, and attach themselves to moths and other flying insects, and so pass from one bush to another. When a new plantation of black currants is made, therefore, it should be separated by a fairly wide belt from an older one, whether mites have been noticed there or not. It is useless to expect any help against them from frost. They have been found working in hard-frozen buds, with the temperature only 14 degrees above zero.

**Bampton Pony Fair: A lady vendor selling an "alien"**

The Exmoor ponies, which have been running wild almost since birth, are collected and driven to the fair in bunches by mounted drovers a day or two before they are sold. Any of these ponies is a match for two men, and it is no uncommon thing for an animal up for auction to take a flying leap over the spectators' heads in his desire for freedom

**Frost as Mite Destroyer**

Indeed, the good that frost does in destroying insects is greatly exaggerated. Most of them either are so hardy that it does them little or no injury, or else have devised some means, such as hiding in the earth, of protecting themselves. It is a pity that our garden plants are not equally immune. Delphiniums have been throwing up spike after spike of beautiful flowers, violets have been remarkably abundant, shrubs and trees have been blooming as though it were spring, and even dahlias, which are among the first plants to show the effects of frost, have lasted until long after their usual time. But, with the blackening of the foliage, the tuberous roots must be lifted and stored away, either in a shed or cellar or any other place from which frost is excluded. As exposure to the air is injurious—it dries the skin and tissues excessively, and thus renders more difficult the starting of growth—it is best to cover them with dry soil or sand. RUSTICUS.

Messrs. Kelway and Son, the well-known horticulturists of Langport, Somerset, have just issued their "Manual of Horticulture," a most excellently arranged, illustrated catalogue, containing nearly 400 pages. We understand that they are prepared to send a copy to any of our readers on receipt of a postcard, and all who take any interest in gardening and gardening matters should not fail to avail themselves of the offer.

*Photos* *Hatt*

**Bampton Pony Fair: The streets at mid-day**

The Bampton Pony Fair is over 700 years old, and is held for the sale of the world-famed Exmoor ponies, some thousand of which change hands. The ponies, which are often no bigger than mastiffs, are born and bred on Exmoor, and run wild for a year. They fetch anything from £5 apiece for colts to £15 for broken ponies. Lord Fortescue, Sir Thomas Acland, and Sir George Newnes, are keen breeders of these ponies

# THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

**Books to Order this Week**

"The Wilderness." By T. B. Clegg. (John Lane: 6*s.*)
"The Belovéd Vagabond." By William J. Locke. (John Lane: 6*s.*)
"The Man Apart." By Ralph Straus. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)
"The Dogs of War." By Walter Emanuel. (Bradbury, Agnew.)
"The Story of the Amulet." By E. Nesbit. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Closed Doors." Anon. (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

**Discovering Christopher Columbus**

Exception has been taken in many quarters to the publication of Mr. Filson Young's *Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery* (E. Grant Richards: 2 vols.), on the ground that such a work was not wanted. Christopher Columbus, it is reasoned, discovered America, and that is all—and more than all—that one of the two tired hemispheres wants to remember about him. It is also objected that Columbus, starting whence he did, sailing in the direction that he did, and remaining afloat for the time he did, could not have done otherwise than "discover America." But here, to my mind, these grumblers omit to do Christopher justice. His eternal claim on the memory of mankind is that he succeeded in making successive voyages across the Atlantic without once "discovering" that portion of America which most loudly boasts of having been discovered by him, viz., the United States. Christopher "discovered" the Antilles, he "discovered" Mexico. He did *not*, as so many people in the back blocks of towns in the States believe, first sight Sandy Hook, and then (having admired the Statue of Liberty) embark at Battery Point, take a Broadway car up-town, and plant a sort of anticipatory Stars and Stripes on the Washington Heights. In setting forth the facts about Columbus, therefore, Mr. Filson Young strikes the blow at a good deal of nonsense, and is to be thanked lustily therefor.

COLUMBUS
(*The discoverer of America*)

MR. FILSON YOUNG
(*The discoverer of Columbus*)

**"He had a Father!"**

Of course, there is nothing new to say about Christopher as a man. With the exception of America he left hardly one substantial fact behind about himself. But Mr. Young covers up his unavoidable ignorance about the origin of Christopher in masterly fashion:—

> We know (he tells us, forlornly) that he had a father and a grandfather, as all grandsons of Adam have had, but we can be certain of very little more than that.

Concerning his grandfather, Giovanni Colombo, Mr. Young enlightens us with the information that—

> Many facts may be inferred, but only three are certainly known: that he lived, begot children, and died.

Of Christopher's grandmother, Mr. Young suggests, illuminatively, that she was "doubtless some pleasant and picturesque old lady, or lady other than pleasant and picturesque"—an assumption which is characteristic of Mr. Young's eminently safe biographical method. Plunging further into his family history, and talking about Christopher's uncle and aunt, Antonio and Battestina, Mr. Young has a belief that "there was between the families of Domenico and Antonio a mild cousinly feud. I believe that they did not like each other." A fairly safe assumption, methinks, in the case of every family since the world began! Having thus gained an idea of the depth of Mr. Young's knowledge of the man about whom he was writing, we can follow him with delicious glibness through the successive chapters in which he passes to an "impression" of Christopher's home in Genoa, after which he tells us what Christopher (probably) did there, and how he was (possibly) educated, and what he (in all likelihood) said and thought, and where he (who knows?) walked and played, etc., etc. All, of course, very informative to the historical student. When, however, Mr. Young gets his Christopher to America, and is no longer called upon to speculate and surmise, he gives us quite a vivid narrative, which could be perused by the refined schoolboy and schoolgirl without the smallest risk to those, their morals, whose upkeep is nowadays so important a concern with all who dispense literary and other entertainments for the public. And, lastly, not once does Mr. Young lose sight of the tremendous, the important fact, that it was Columbus who discovered America, and, contrariwise, that it was America that was discovered by Columbus.

**A Bohemian Story**

Mr. William J. Locke, having gained publicity by "The Morals of Marcus," and the war between an actor-manager in particular and the Press in general, which accompanied its stage-production, has offered us another volume, *The Beloved Vagabond* (John Lane: 6*s*.). Frankly, I enjoyed half of this book considerably. The narration of the way in which little Augustus Smith, the son of a Covent Garden laundress, is taken in hand by Paragot, his mother's defaulting, but delightfully Bohemian customer, and converted into a Bohemian himself, quite holds one's attention. Paragot, the "Beloved Vagabond" of the title, is a fascinating personality, rich in epigram and worldly philosophy, and Augustus's commune with him (assuming for the purpose the nickname of Asticot) is of an amusing nature. If there is a practical absence, however, of any clearly defined plot in the story, nevertheless, the book is a sufficient proof of Mr. Locke's power as a charming writer, and as a portrayer of slight character; also, his knowledge of Paris, in the *cabarets* of which much of the "incident" takes place, is exact and picturesque. For those who can contentedly dispense with the "strong meat" of plot, *The Beloved Vagabond* is heartily to be recommended.

**An illustration from "The Orange Fairy Book"**

Christmas without one of Mr. Andrew Lang's fairy books would be dull indeed, and this year he gives us the *The Orange Fairy Book* (Longmans: 6*s*.), with plenty of Mr. H. J. Ford's charming illustrations

**"Books"**

The *Daily Mail*, like another and even more universal branch of the public service, moves in a mysterious way, and it is not ours to question, but rather to accept, in a spirit of reverential gratitude, whatever it may seem good unto it to grant to us. I welcome in a spirit of chaste content, *Books*, its new Saturday literary supplement. That the *Mail* should have alighted on the idea of publishing, at regular intervals, reviews of current books is not, perhaps, of sensational import. Every daily paper published in these isles devotes a certain proportion of its space to literature. The *Daily Telegraph* gives, several days a week, elaborate space in its crowded columns to that purpose; while the *Chronicle* and the *Daily News* devote a page or more each *per diem* to reviews and literary gossip. However, the fact that only ten years after its auspicious birth the *Daily Mail* should have discovered literature as a space-filling asset should not obsess us. It is good now to have *Books* with our Saturday Mail, even though we have so long been without it.

**A Quiet Sydney Romance**

*The Wilderness*, Mr. T. B. Clegg's latest Australian story, is a curious and enjoyable novel (John Lane: 6*s*.). For an Australian story, there is a rather pleasant absence of "local colour," even though Sydney is its headquarters, and gold-digging and low finances its raw materials. To be able to read a story like this, in which there is a strong and daring melodramatic plot, without being pulverised by constant reminders of the "strenuous life" that is led "down under," to be able to follow the lives and doings of Australians just as though, for all the world, they were ordinary human beings—well, the sensation is a novel one. Bushy scribes are, as a rule, so parched and so perspiring, so very emphatic and boisterous, that a quiet antipodean novelist is rather an acquisition. Mr. Clegg's method is quiet almost to a fault. He is certainly too quiet for his subject-matter, which is almost Reade-like in its lurid melodrama. One man, to revenge himself on his enemy, forges, as it were, his death and funeral—has him given out as dead and buried—then converts him into another personality, and sends him forth, nameless, into "the Wilderness." Round this attractive theme is weaved a story, but, lurid and melodramatic as it seems, it reads like the slightest fabric. It might be, for all the force there is in the narrative, a mere story of manners and character.

**Et Tu, Begbie!**

Mr. Harold Begbie is, of course, known to the public chiefly by his admirable journalistic work. Perusal of his essay in novel writing, *The Priest* (Hodder: 6*s*.), suggests that it is best that he should continue to be so known, as his story is neither skilful in narration nor true in characterisation. Furthermore, it is based on a hypothesis which is both offensive to Roman Catholics and inaccurate, viz., that a Roman priest could, with a view to promoting the political purposes of the Vatican, take Anglican orders. One would not have been surprised had this effusion come from a lady agitator of the Corelli *genus*, but that a reputed journalist should promote so false and misleading a theory, even for the purpose of attracting momentary attention, is scarcely creditable. A pressman, turned novelist, should not imitate the worst vices of fictionists.

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

**"Golf Greens and Green-Keeping"**

*Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. (George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand)*

In sporting, as in national matters, we take ourselves terribly seriously nowadays. Each game, whether cricket, football, tennis, or golf, has been so specialised and scientifically dissected, that instead of a game it has almost become a scientific business. Whether this spirit which marks latter-day sports and games is entirely for their good and that of their adherents is a very large and debatable question. It is not my purpose to-day to enter that thorny field of discussion, but to take note of another sign of the times, as affecting golf, in the shape of a volume devoted to the science of laying out golf courses and maintaining them in utmost efficiency. In "Golf Greens and Green-Keeping," we have the *vade mecum* of the Secretary, the Green Committee, and the Green-keeper of a golf club. Here we have collected, in a convenient space, the opinions of some of the best experts on the questions which arise out of the formation and up-keep of a golf course. The book is edited by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, that *rara avis* who combines the powers of a literary expert with those of a first-class golfer. Golfing literature is much indebted already to Mr. Hutchinson, and the debt is notably increased by the three chapters which he contributes to the volume under review.

The Opening of the New Course at Worthing: The Green at the turn

**A Task Well Done**

Both in his introduction and in his final summing-up, the editor has performed a difficult task in his usual consummate manner. His sense of humour, never happily absent from anything that he writes, asserts itself in delightful fashion here and there, most conspicuously in the passage on p. 199, where he lightly touches on the fury aroused in Mr. Mure Fergusson's mind by the bunkers at Walton Health, which, in a previous chapter, Mr. Fowler has been describing at loving length with the affectionate feelings natural to their creator, and which, subsequently, Mr. C. K. Hutchison singles out for special commendation. Mr. Fergusson must have had a specially bad visit to some Walton Heath bunker, and I have no doubt Mr. Fowler would like, in future editions, to give his views on pine trees as hazards. I doubt, however, whether the genial editor would allow the passage to escape his blue pencil.

**A Word of Warning**

A word of warning is necessary for the reader of this book. He must pay close attention to the headings of the chapters, or he will be apt to think that one expert contradicts another. Each expert deals with the soil and climate of his particular course, and this is specifically stated in the title of each chapter. Mr. Beale, of the great firm of Messrs. Carter, it is true, contributes a chapter dealing, in a general way, with the formation of turf, but the remaining experts confine themselves to the courses of which they have most experience. In this way, we get Hugh Hamilton's views as to the treatment and up-keep of seaside links, and those of Hunter (of Deal), Mr. Colt, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Mure Fergusson, Peter Lees, Mr. Keyser, Braid, and Mepham, on the courses with which they have had to deal. Thus we get views embracing every variety of soil, and the anxious seeker for knowledge has only to ascertain of which class of soil his course is composed to be fairly certain of finding all his questions answered in one or other of the chapters of this admirable book.

**A Chapter for Secretaries**

I would specially commend Mr. Colt's chapter to all present or would-be secretaries of golf clubs. They will there learn from the best possible source the multifarious duties that fall to the lot of a secretary, and how best to carry them out. The book is charmingly illustrated and beautifully printed. Some few errors and misprints will, no doubt, be corrected in the future editions which are certain to be demanded. Many of the opinions expressed in it will, no doubt, lead to much discussion. Taken altogether, the book is a mine of information, and absolutely indispensable to all Secretaries, Green Committees, and Green-keepers.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

# The Cult of the Stage Statue

## "LA MILO'S" RIVAL, MISS MAUDE ODELL, AT THE PALACE

*Photos*

*Ellis and Walery*

"LA STATUE HUMAINE" IN TWO POSES

**As "Galatea"**
**(After L. Marqueste, in the Luxembourg)**

**As Miss Maude Odell**

The impersonations by Miss Maude Odell, at the Palace Theatre, of statues by various master-sculptors are of such high artistic excellence that the news of her sudden illness on Wednesday, causing her to curtail her performance, has excited great sympathy. Since "La Milo" succeeded in attracting such wide attention, and "a certificate of propriety" from that arch-Puritan, Mr. Stead, the cult of the stage statue seems to have come to stay for some time

# RACING NOTIONS

## THE LIVERPOOL CUP. By "CARBINE"

**The Late Mr. George Herring**

A man who in his day had played an interesting, if unobtrusive, part in racing affairs was removed last week by the death of Mr. George Herring, commission agent, financier, and philanthropist. Only veteran racegoers can recall the moving times in which Mr. Herring was able to lay the foundations of his subsequent great fortune. He served Sir Joseph Hawley all through the baronet's remarkably successful association with the Kingsclere stable. He gained the reputation of being one of the shrewdest, cleverest, and most reliable commission agents of his day, and, in addition to Sir Joseph Hawley, he betted for other prominent owners, and was identified with some big handicap *coups*. Several of these were brought off in connection with Mr. George Hodgman, who has survived him, and now, in his eighty-second year, is still to be seen at all the chief meetings, a picturesque figure, in his inevitable silk hat and sprig of green between his lips. In Mr. Hodgman's book of reminiscences there are several interesting references to Mr. Herring, who, he reminds us, was one of those mainly responsible for bringing to book that notorious miscreant, Palmer the Poisoner. Herring was employed to collect the racing winnings of one of Palmer's victims, and the commission agent's evidence at the villain's trial was very damaging. The money which Mr. Herring gained on the Turf was later in life turned to remarkable account in the City. Yet success in no way spoilt him. His old friends found George Herring the millionaire to be the same warm-hearted, straightforward soul that he was in his racing days.

**Mr. Stanley Howard**

The owner of Eremon, the winner of the first steeplechase ever run on the Newbury course. Silver cups, of the value of £25, were presented to the owner and trainer, Coulthwaite, and a gold-mounted whip to Lawn, who rode the horse

**An Echo of the Cambridgeshire**

At Newbury last week people were still discussing interestedly the settling on the preceding Monday, which was of a phenomenal nature. For the bookmakers, the Cambridgeshire week was unquestionably the worst of the whole year. In conversation with a prominent man in Tattersall's ring, it was declared that the losses over Polymelus, as mentioned in these columns last week, were vastly under-stated. He went so far as to say that the bookmakers of Tattersall's, with those of the Victoria, Beaufort, and other London clubs, had paid out not less than a million of money over the Cambridgeshire winner! The statement seems absolutely incredible, but it was made in all seriousness by a man in a position to know, and I repeat it here for what it is worth. Joe Thompson, the bookmaker, is said to have disbursed £80,000 in doubles alone.

**Good Racing at Newbury**

The recently established Newbury gathering goes from strength to strength, and though the weather was not irreproachable, last week's meeting was one of the best and most enjoyable of the autumn. Rocketter won his race in the style of a good horse, and I have an idea that Captain Greer's flyer will make a very big reputation next season, as he has by no means reached his best yet. In the race for the Autumn Cup Denure seemed to be utterly unsuited by the soft ground, and failed her friends badly. The White Knight was a strong Newmarket tip on the day of the race, and he justified his favouritism very emphatically. This colt would have been a formidable candidate for the Cesarewitch had it not been necessary to eliminate him from that race owing to the untimely cough he contracted. That the ailment did not affect him very seriously was proved by the gallant way in which he carried off the Newbury race, and it is just possible that The White Knight may trouble Troutbeck and Keystone in the best long-distance races of 1907. There was a pleasant day's racing at Hurst Park on Saturday, but the success of Bitters in the chief handicap was something of a surprise.

**Liverpool Anticipations**

During the present week, the greatest interest attaches to the Liverpool Cup on Friday. Killeagh is certain to be strongly supported for this event on the strength of his unlooked-for victory over Bridge of Canny, while Lord Derby's selected candidate is likewise assured of a big following. But, in my opinion, the race is good for **Bibiani**, who, with all the worst of the luck, ran well in the Cesarewitch, and is expected to make amends in this event. Lord Derby likes to win at Liverpool, and as Mr. George Lambton's stable is one of the strongest in the country just now, several races are certain to be placed to his credit. The Liverpool St. Leger on the first day seems to be at his mercy, and **Boulter's Lock** should carry the same colours successfully in the Witherslack Stakes on Thursday. **Lord Carton** may win the Knowsley Nursery, and **Roseate Dawn** the Grosvenor Cup. There will be some important steeplechasing over the famous Aintree course, and **Apollino**, if he has retained his form, may take the Grand Sefton Steeplechase.

# Games and Pastimes

**A Useful Second String**

The coxswainless fours at Oxford last week were rendered remarkable by the fact that they were won by the Magdalen second crew after the first boat had gone down to New College. Magdalen first were favourites for the race until the enforced retirement of Gatehouse at the eleventh hour compelled them to row an untrained man in his place, and they were beaten in the semi-final by New College. The time, however, was not as fast as that made by Magdalen second in beating Christchurch, and in the final, sure enough, the second boat completely turned the tables upon the conquerors of the first. This is the first time a college has ever put on two crews for these races, and Magdalen certainly had their reward for their enterprise in so doing.

**Football and Athletics in France**

The French have evidently not taken as kindly to Association as they have to Rugby. In the Association match between France and England at Auteuil last Thursday, the game, after about the first quarter of an hour, practically resolved itself into an almost incessant bombardment of the French goal, so that, in the end, England's score reached the imposing total of 15, and would have been still larger if the French goalkeeper had not done some smart saving. There were some good individual players on the French side, but they know very little indeed about combination, and the passing of our forwards, of whom Stanley Harris and V. J. Woodward were in their best form, was quite a revelation to them. From such a strong team as was sent against them—it contained five Internationals—they expected a beating, but not, I am told, such a hollow beating as they actually received. By way of contrast, the Rugby game at Bordeaux, on the same day, between the English Civil Service team and Bordeaux, ended in a draw of three points all, while in the return match at athletics, between the Racing Club de France and Trinity, Cambridge, the Frenchmen were successful by seven events to two.

**Middlesex v. Surrey (Rugby) at Richmond**

County matches in Rugger are proverbially famous for football of a class which is rather the reverse of high; but last Thursday's match between Surrey and Middlesex in the R.U. County Championship was quite a good game. Middlesex, with one or two exceptions, had the same side as did so well against the South Africans, but all the same I am bound to say that I expected Surrey to win, seeing that she had five of last year's Internationals playing behind the scrum. However, the undoubted superiority of the Middlesex forwards in the tight packs turned the scale, just as it very nearly did

**Angling Festival at Deal: Group of lady anglers—for fish—looking pleasant**

The angling festival at Deal Pier was visited by many lady anglers on Saturday, the occasion being the opening of the annual sea-fishing festival. The prizes are valued at £175. The pier entries numbered nearly two hundred, but sport was poor. The heaviest take, 3 lb. 5 oz., was obtained by Mr. Fritz Woolf, Mr. A. Rose was second, and Mr. A. Turner third. Codling was principally caught

against South Africa. In the second half, in particular, they nearly always got the ball, and thus the Surrey backs were given comparatively few chances, while the Middlesex backs, besides defending well, turned their own chances to account much better than in the "Springbok" match. Altogether, it was a thoroughly interesting match, and there was rather less in it than the score—two goals and a try to Middlesex against one try to Surrey—indicates. Middlesex's second and third tries were both, I thought, just a shade lucky, though Palmer, in scoring the third, ran finely. Special mention must also be made of the fine kick with which Harding converted the second try from a place near the 25 flag.

**Are the Welsh Rugby Teams as Strong as They Were?**

Now that the South Africans have survived the first part of what may be termed the Welsh ordeal with success, people are more than ever inclined to compare them with the New Zealanders, and, by the somewhat fallacious test of points won and lost to date, to argue that they are as good a team as our visitors of last year. But I still disagree with that view. I admit that they are a fine all-round team, and I admire the way in which they play the game; it is good, honest, English football, and on that account we are all glad to see them win. But for the very reason that they adhere more or less to conventional lines, and have not elaborated a system of play which goes as far as possible in the direction of straining the rules to the verge of the breaking-point, and also because there are no positive geniuses among them, I do not think (apart from the fact that their fixture-list is a less formidable one) that they have so far really surpassed, or even equalled, the achievements of the New Zealanders. The true significance of their recent performances seems to be that the Welsh teams of this season are not as invincible as those of former years. Even allowing for the absence of Gwyn Nicholls and Bush, the Glamorganshire fifteen had ten Internationals in it, and yet the difference in the score by which the South Africans beat Middlesex and Glamorganshire was not very great. They scored two tries against each, and Glamorgan got a try against them, whereas Middlesex got nothing. Another significant thing is that against Glamorgan, after having got their two tries comparatively early, they were apparently content to "sit on" this advantage and devote the rest of the time mainly to defence, in which they undoubtedly excel, with good effect. But tactics of this kind would not have been of much avail against Welsh teams of the past two or three seasons. England tried them and failed, while Wales proved that a team which has plenty of attacking power will always prevail against a team which has none, however strong it may be in defence. The inference to be drawn, therefore, is that unless the South Africans are phenomenally strong in defence, the power of attack in this year's Welsh teams is not as great as it was. And one seems to see a sort of confirmation of this in the doings of the London Welsh team. Is the day dawning when there will, at last, be a chance for poor old England in the Internationals?

*Photo* *Halftones, Ltd.*

**The M.C.C. Team for New Zealand, taken on board the "Corinthic," at Plymouth, on their departure**

*Back row (left to right)*: P. R. May, J. W. H. T. Douglas, A. A. Torrens, R. H. Fox, W. B. Burns, G. T. Branston, J. Moss (umpire)
*Second row*: W. J. H. Curwen, G. H. Simpson-Hayward, Capt. E. G. Wynyard (captain), C. E. De Trafford, C. C. Page
*Bottom row*: N. C. Tufnell, W. P. Harrison
The remaining member of the team, P. R. Johnson, has gone out by way of Australia

*Photo* *Lafayette*

**A Horse-Motor 'Entente"**

The horse in the picture, when he first met a car was quite terrified; now, however, he blandly allows himself to be mounted from the step, even when the engine is running. A complete case of "tempering the shorn lamb," or rather, horse, to the wind of modern locomotion


# Slaves to Stoutness.

There are thousands of persons who seem positively to be willing slaves to the distressing disease of obesity. Beyond an occasional attempt to bring down their weight by means of a starvation dietary, they make no effort to rid themselves of the malady. Others are slaves to stoutness simply because they have failed to find a cure in the many so-called remedies they have tried. Drugging, sweating, and semi-starvation must of necessity reduce weight, but these drastic measures will not cure the affliction—indeed, they are often more injurious than the disease they are intended to cure. When the weakened subject ceases to employ them in order to recuperate strength and vitality, the excessive fat is bound to return as soon as the necessary quantity of nourishment is indulged in. This is because the restricted dietary and the sweating and drugging do not eradicate the tendency to put on flesh to excess, unless they undermine the constitution altogether. They simply produce a temporary reduction at the expense of the vital forces —that is all.

The simple and harmless Antipon treatment reverses this order—or disorder—of things, because it tones up the system and builds up strength whilst the subject is being gradually brought down to natural proportions and normal weight. Not only this, Antipon, during the process of weight reduction, *removes the tendency to excessive fat development* which, rightly or wrongly, is sometimes looked upon as constitutional, and therefore ineradicable. That the tendency is really destroyed by Antipon has been proved in thousands of cases, and many thankful men and women have written to the Antipon Company to say so. At the registered offices of the Antipon Company letters without number may be seen in which the permanent benefit derived from the pleasant Antipon treatment is acknowledged with gratitude. Anyone interested may examine the original letters.

Antipon is both fat-absorbent and tonic. It increases appetite and promotes digestion and assimilation. No irksome dietary restrictions are necessary. The patient simply eats rationally and gets stronger as the cure proceeds, and as soon as normal weight and dimensions are recovered the doses may be discontinued without dread lest the excess of fat should reassert itself. At the close of a course of Antipon treatment one looks and feels much younger. The sallow complexion has given place to the hue of health. The movements are free and graceful; physical and mental energy are re-established, and one can enjoy healthy outdoor exercise without fatigue. The limbs are firm and well moulded, the waist and hips normal—indeed, every part of the body is rebeautified. Antipon has a beneficial action on the skin, and the most surprising reductions of bulk leave no wrinkles. The puffy cheeks and double chin subside into graceful curves without the skin becoming flaccid. Meanwhile, muscular and nervous strength and vigour are completely restored.

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Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

# Automobile Topics.

By DOUGLAS MILLER

### Town Carriage Awards

After prolonged consideration, the awards of the judges in the Town Carriage Trials, organised by the Automobile Club, have been made known. The work of the adjudicating committee—voluntarily undertaken though it was—proved to be extremely arduous; and although surprise has been expressed in many quarters at the decisions given, it must in fairness be admitted that in the majority of cases convincing reasons have been annexed. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the awards is the fact that in both classes electric vehicles have secured gold medals. As readers of THE BYSTANDER will remember, competing cars were classified according to price, viz., those costing under £600 complete, and those listed for sale at over that figure. Many points were taken into consideration, but as these have been indicated in these columns on a former occasion, it is unnecessary now to say more than that general design, finish, and fitness for town work were the chief desiderata. In the class for cars costing less than £600, gold medals were awarded to Mr. Carl Opperman for an electric carriage, which was awarded first place, for absence of smell and smoke, quietness, proper lubrication, absence of vibration, and ease of cleaning and starting. A gold medal was also awarded in the same class to the Wolseley Company, for a beautifully appointed Limousine carriage, entered by Mr. J. D. Siddeley, which gained honours for general design and smoothness of running. Silver medals were given to a public service vehicle entered by the City and Suburban Cab Company and to the Adams Manufacturing Company for ease in manœuvring. In the higher-priced class, the Gold Medallists were the Electromobile Company, whose four cars all gained high honours, and the White Steam Company, who entered two of their noiseless vehicles. Two silver medals were gained by a C.G.V. car, the second being granted for excellence of carriage-work, and silver medals were also awarded to the Dennis car for comfort of passengers and to the Pilgrim's Way Company for originality of design and accessibility of parts.

**Car-icatures: I.—The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P.**

Mr. Stanley is the Chairman of the A.C.G.B. and I. and also the Motor Union, and his name is a household word among motorists in this country and on the Continent. He is taking a leading part in the coming Exhibition at Olympia

*(Drawn by Alick P. F. Ritchie)*

* * *

### A Brief Review

It should be noted that neither price nor cost of running were taken into consideration, the main features of suitability being judged apart from all questions of a financial nature. In Class A—that for cars under £600—the Spyker came second to an electric car for quietness, while the Siddeley and Beeston-Humber vehicles ranked second to the same electric conveyance for freedom from vibration. The Argyll entries in each class did very well, being highly placed for ease of starting, facility of speed-changing, general design and appearance, and ease of control. In Class B, honours for smoothness of running and easy control went to the Napier, Ariel, Dennis, Germain, Lanchester, Renault, Wilson-Pilcher, Pilgrim, and White Steam representatives, while the electrics were bracketed first for ease of manœuvring. Reviewing their awards, the judges recommend to manufacturers to increase ground clearance, and to improve their systems of lubrication. They also report that insufficient accessibility for adjustment or repair proved a drawback in many instances, and that greater attention should be bestowed on the "locking," as in many cases it was found impracticable to turn the cars in an ordinary London thoroughfare without manœuvring. Before leaving the subject it should be explained that, by a regrettable error, a photograph of the six-cylinder Napier car entered for this competition was wrongly described as having won a prize in THE BYSTANDER of October 24. The matter, it seems, came under the notice of the Club Committee, who request me to give publicity to the fact that Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., who entered the car in question, are "fully exonerated from all blame in the matter."

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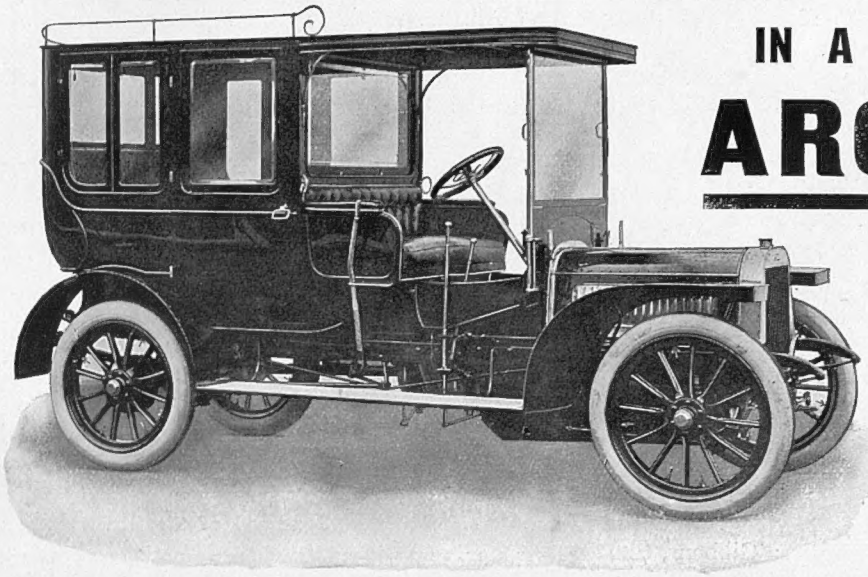

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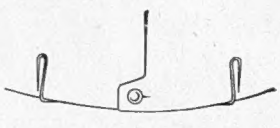

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W.E.S.

### Future Arrangements

We give this week the first of a series of cartoons of automobile celebrities which we shall publish from time to time. To-day's cartoon depicts the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., Chairman of the A.C.G.B. and I. and the Motor Union, whose genial personality and never-failing courtesy and tact are known to motorists throughout the length and breadth of the three kingdoms and on the Continent. Mr. Stanley will play a prominent part at the opening of the forthcoming Motor Exhibition at Olympia, and in connection with that great emporium THE BYSTANDER will next week issue a specially written and illustrated supplement dealing with the principal exhibits, the leading novelties, and, in a word, the features which will appeal most to visitors who may not have too much time at their disposal, but who yet desire to see all that is best worth attention. This year's Olympian gathering will be confined to pleasure vehicles only, and will be chiefly remarkable for the number of six-cylinder models on view, and the many examples of excellently appointed cars "ready for the road" at moderate prices.

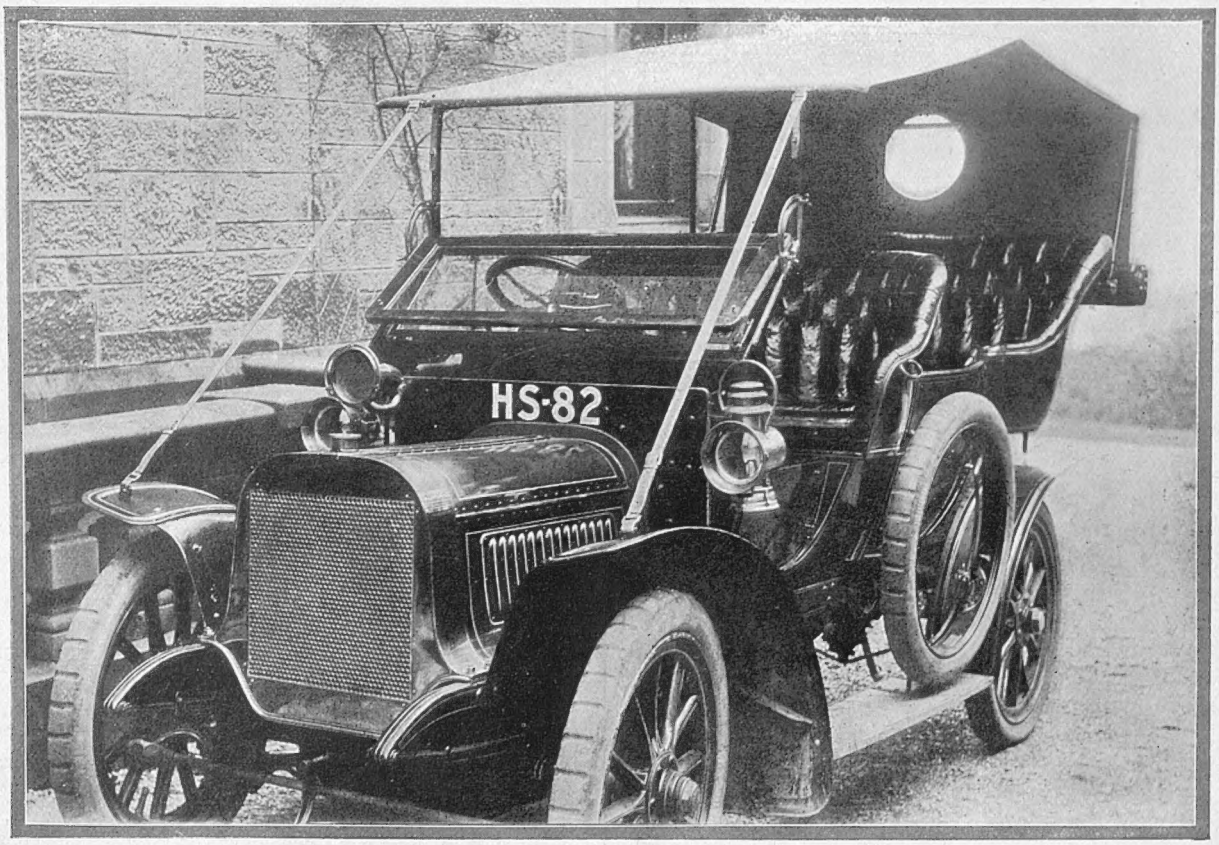
* * *

### Miscellanea

At the suggestion of Mr. Walter Gibbons, the Automobile Association has adopted three simple signals, which it is hoped all motorists desirous to promote the well-being of their brethren of the wheel will adopt. Number one, the right hand of the driver being raised to the salute, signifies "All well on road I have just covered"; number two, an extension of the driver's right arm straight out from the shoulder, inculcates caution; and number three, the raising of the right hand—open—means "Stop, please, I have something to tell you." —Major Samuels, inventor of the Cromwell Wind Screen, has just patented an ingenious and effective hood, which is illustrated on this page. Messrs. Morgan and Co., the well-known carriage builders, will exhibit this hood at Olympia.—Mr. Dan Albone, the inventor of the Ivel Agricultural Motor, died very suddenly at Biggleswade on October 30. The deceased gentleman was widely known and universally beloved by motorists on the North Road for his unfailing kindliness and readiness to assist in all cases of trouble or perplexity.—Motorists in Westmoreland are recommended to drive with great circumspection, as an active campaign is afoot to strictly enforce the legal limit of speed.—A long distance trap is being worked during week-ends between Gosforth and Morpeth.—Metropolitan motorists should exercise great caution when driving along Kennington Road, particularly on Sundays.—Thursday, November 22, is to be Ladies' Day at Olympia.—A new "trap" is in operation seven miles from Eastbourne, on the Lewes road.

### Britain's Command of the Sea

With this week's number of *The Graphic* will be presented a magnificent eight-page Supplement, entitled "Britain's Command of the Sea," illustrating all the battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines in the Royal Navy, a small reproduction of which will be found as an inset in this number. *The Graphic*, now permanently enlarged, in a new cover, will start on another era of its career with fresh features in its next issue. It has now reached its thirty-seventh year, and while still retaining all its present attractiveness, will introduce many fresh items of interest and importance.




**A new and effective hood**

This new hood has just been patented by Major Samuels, the inventor of the Cromwell Wind Screen. It will be exhibited at the Olympia Show by Messrs. Morgan, the well-known carriage builders

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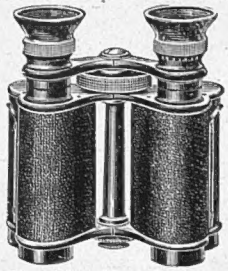

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# FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

### This Winter's Furs

Few furs are finding better favour this season than ermine. In addition to fashioning regal little garments entirely on its own account, it can positively do no wrong employed in conjunction with other sumptuous pelts. A smart little mink bolero, with vest and deep belt of ermine, is a possession calculated to confer the greatest satisfaction upon its fortunate owner, the subtle blending of the brown and white skins accounting for the very essence of *chic* and style. Instead of the little black tails being stitched on at regular intervals, as was once the ordinarily accepted disposal, they are now employed to represent a host of novel suggestions. Sometimes they will be arranged as a fringe around the edge of cravat, muff, or bolero, while in one instance that recalls itself pleasurably to mind these were arranged in pretty original fashion around the edges of a grey squirrel coatee in the form of a pattern border, that was truly original and graceful.

A lovely Chinchilla loose bolero, fitted with full wing sleeves, carried a delightful collar of ermine, resting on a soft foundation of grey velvet, the *jabot* ends composed entirely of groups of soft little tails, falling almost to the waist. Failing the acquisition, however, of bolero or coatee, there are some extremely fascinating fancies to be found in ties and muffs. In the latter *galère* the favoured shape is still flat, and all the newest models are of the limp, flexible order into the bargain, and the size naturally varies according to the sum expended, but, needless to say, the larger the muff the better, a proviso equally applicable to the stoles and ties of best repute.

### At John Barker's, Kensington

We go to Barker's for many things, and invariably return well satisfied, but those blouses of theirs, this season, are really surpassing all previous records, and past experience alone can fully testify to the high altitude of this praise. No matter the want, it is certain to be supplied, and supplied, moreover, in a manner not to be met with elsewhere. If a simple little delaine or nun's veiling slip is the particular quest, several dainty models are offered at a commencing price of 5*s.* 11*d.*, this modest sum securing a good cut, reliable material, and all the latest decrees of *La Mode* with regard to shape and styles. Perhaps the most marvellous value of all is to be found in the *crêpe-de-chine* blouses at 12*s.* 9*d.*, the newest designs being fully prepared to rank with those that have gone before. The "Clodagh" is such a pretty design, with its originally disposed yoke of

**Two blouses seen at John Barker's, Kensington**

*(Drawn by K. Pleydell Young)*